

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## DICTATOR WHO CAME TUMBLING DOWN

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Eleven

### A Prime Minister and His Mother

#### HOW A GREAT MAN WAS MADE Wisdom of the East For People of the West

It is by no means easy for the people of the Western World always to understand the news from China.

We tell elsewhere the story of the happy ending of the locking-up of the Prime Minister Chiang Kai-shek, but it is worth while to look into the matter more closely.

Light is thrown on Chiang Kai-shek's actions if we remember that he is a Christian, understanding the deep wisdom of the counsel to turn the other cheek. In a country where custom demands that a man must "save his face" at all costs, Chiang has repeatedly allowed his face to be slapped by Japan, until great sections of the population have risen to demand that this humiliation must cease.

#### Building Up a New China

But all the time while Chiang has been being publicly humiliated he has been steadily at work to bring the country into such a condition that no foreign power would dare to humiliate it. He has built more roads than have been built before in China since the time of Christ, and he has put lorries on these roads able to rush supplies to flooded and famine-stricken areas. He has secured cooperation and assistance from the provincial governors. He has built up the army of the National Government and equipped it with planes. He has aroused such enthusiasm for the regeneration of China that thousands of people are making voluntary sacrifices of fuel, food, and savings to help in his projects.

#### Poor and Fatherless

Remembering that many millions of his people are humble, illiterate toilers, China's leader takes care to speak to them in language they can understand. In his speech to the people on his fiftieth birthday he chose to tell the story of his mother's brave struggle to bring up her fatherless family, and told it as a parable of the nation's struggle and destiny. It was a long speech, but because it should pass beyond the borders of China we give the gist of it here.

After telling of his birth in a farmer's family at a small village in the seaboard province of Chekiang, and of losing his father when he was nine, he declares that the miserable condition of his family at that time was beyond description.

It was entirely due to his mother's patience and perseverance that the family was saved from ruin.

"Her task was neither light nor enviable (he says), for she had to look after every trifle with her own hands. She loved me dearly, but she was a strict disciplinarian. Whenever I returned home she would ask me where I had been, and when I returned from school she would question me on the lesson of the day. She taught me how to conduct and behave myself. She made me do manual work, to train me physically."

#### Upholding Family Traditions

For a period of 15 years his mother never spent a day free from domestic difficulties. Once she said to him:

*Misfortune, danger, and human suffering are daily occurrences in every part of the world; but in the face of these we must practise self-reliance and self-betterment to find a way out.*

*The greater our troubles at home, the more important it is to uphold family traditions; the worse our disaster, the stronger we have to make our will.*

Then the Prime Minister of China adds his moral: "There is a proverb that from the family is built the nation. Whether a nation perishes or flourishes all depends on the endeavour and determination of its people. If each one of us devotes himself to the cause of national salvation with the same persistence and endurance as my mother showed in raising her family, it will not be long before China takes her place once more among the Great Powers of the world."

Chiang does not want China to imitate the West in rising to new power. He considers that the doctrine of Might is unworthy. China's course, he says, should be based on the eight virtues long revered in that great land: Loyalty, Filial Piety, Kindness, Love, Faithfulness, Righteousness, Peace, and Justice.

#### "No Nation Can Ruin Us"

"We must do honour to our parents and conduct ourselves without disgrace," he says. "To conduct ourselves without disgrace we must be fair and honest in our daily dealings. The Chinese nation has a very long history and a glorious civilisation. No nation can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves."

Reading such noble words as these, we can understand why Chiang Kai-shek is considered by competent opinion throughout the world as unquestionably the greatest man in the Far East today.

### Growing in England Now



Tulips in a nursery at Uxbridge in Middlesex



Bananas grown under glass at Hextable, near Swanley in Kent

## HILDA TURNER'S RED RIBBON

France Honours an  
English Nurse

### THE QUIET LIFE THAT MEANS SO MUCH

Hilda Turner is one of those quiet, forceful, selfless workers whose value is all too often accepted like the air we breathe; only when their lives are done does the world wake up and say, 'There was one who was great and good.'

It comes as a happy surprise, then, to learn that Miss Turner has been awarded the Legion of Honour for her devoted labours in the village of Charny, near Verdun.

As a war nurse Miss Turner went through the terrible siege of Verdun. Then she was transferred to Malta. Later she served in Salonica. But it was the Verdun district which held her heart, and as soon as she was demobilised in 1919 she returned to the devastated area to open a big army hut to serve the inhabitants who were drifting back, trying to find the remnants of their old homes. The hut was a general utility centre, providing meals, shelter, medical service, and provisions. Here she worked for two years helping Charny to establish itself again.

#### Service For Others

A call then came to help to train young women of Yugo-Slavia in modern nursing. Hilda Turner was away for four years, but she and the poor folk of Charny had been through too much together for her to forget them. In 1925 she came back again to open a dispensary, and there she has worked ever since.

Many people would call hers a lonely life, cut off as she is from contact with her fellow-countrymen, working day in and day out in all weathers in a little French village where she must remain for ever as a foreigner; but there is an extraordinary look of contentment in her quiet eyes, telling us that the loneliness of her life is offset by its significance. She has found a niche where she can help people.

That these sterling qualities should have been recognised and rewarded, by according Miss Turner the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, is a credit to France and a source of happiness to all who like to see merit come into its own in little out-of-the-way places, where too often it shines unseen, and goes to the grave unheralded and unsung.

### QUENCHING THE LOUDSPEAKER

Hackney Borough Council is taking a stand against the loudspeaker in the public highway.

What Hackney thinks today the whole country will think tomorrow, if it has not already been doing so for some time past, for these blaring portable loudspeakers are a public scandal.

Again and again a driver of a car is startled by a voice suddenly crying out near him in traffic. The disturbance is a ready cause of accidents and is an ever-present danger.

That is the most powerful reason for the control of these disturbers of the peace. But legislation to prohibit the use of the loudspeaker in any highway or public place is overdue. The prohibition would hurt no one except those who, like their loudspeakers, are a public nuisance.

### THE NEW YEAR GARDEN

Flowers growing in a garden in Kent last Sunday.

Snowdrop, violet, roses, Christmas rose, rock rose, primrose, geum, Siberian wallflower, veronica, marigold, thyme, polyanthus, hawk-bit, shepherd's-purse, speedwell, daisy, groundsel, alyssum, chrysanthemum, aubretia, and pentstemon.

## THE FIVE SONS IN THE WAR

A Brave Mother Goes Home

There were two mothers in England who gave five sons to the war, one in Gloucestershire and one in Lincolnshire.

The Lincolnshire mother has just joined her five sons in the realms where heroes are. She was Mrs Beechey, widow of the Rector of Friesthorpe in Lincolnshire. The names of her sons are on the Lincoln peace memorial and in the Book of Memory kept in the public library of the city, and they are printed in Arthur Mee's Enchanted Land. One son fell in 1915, one in 1916, and three in 1917, and their names and regiments are:

Bernard Beechey, 1st and 2nd Lincolnshires; sergeant Charles Beechey, Royal Fusiliers, private Frank Beechey, East Yorkshires, lieutenant Harold Beechey, Australians, corporal Leonard Beechey, London Irish Rifles, private

Mrs Beechey was 81, and until the close of her life she had taken a great interest in the parochial life at St Giles's at Lincoln, having removed to the city just before the death of Mr Beechey. There was a Requiem at St Giles's Church in her memory, and the funeral has taken place at Newport.

Mrs Beechey was the mother of 13 children, five daughters and eight sons. All the sons served in the war, and three came home. We are delighted to learn that Mrs Beechey was presented to George the Fifth and Queen Mary when they visited Lincoln during the war, all her five sons having then given their lives for their country.

## THE MEDITERRANEAN

Britain and Italy Agree

A declaration of great importance has been signed by Italy and this country concerning the future of the Mediterranean and the countries on its shores.

Relations between the two countries had become strained by the troubles arising from the Abyssinian campaign and the Spanish Civil War; there was the fear that Italy sought control over the strategic Balearic Islands, which would have menaced the route to India in case of trouble arising.

In the new declaration Italy disclaims any intention of seeking new territory in the Mediterranean, and both countries agree to respect the existing position.

## THE SPANISH WAR

Danger on the Seas

The great fear that other nations might become involved in the Spanish war is unhappily becoming more real.

A German merchant ship having been arrested for carrying war material to General Franco, the German Government not only protested but retaliated by attacking a Spanish vessel and arresting another. The point of the German Government is that their ship was wrongfully seized on the high seas outside territorial waters and that a Spaniard travelling on the ship (legally German territory) was unjustifiably detained.

As we go to press the situation is delicate, the Spanish Government having refused to accept the German point of view; and it is feared that grave complications are possible.

## THE COBBLER IN THE GARRET

A cobbler in Parma has had a piece of great good fortune. In a garret lay a heap of old papers, which he bought in the ordinary course of business. Looking through them he found 91 pages of music, which proved on examination to be an unpublished violin concerto by the famous violinist Paganini. It was written in Paris in 1831 and was performed there at the Opera, but has never been published and comes to the musical world as an entirely new production.

## KING GEORGE LOOKS FORWARD

For All Time at His  
People's Service

*This was the first message broadcast in 1937, sent out by the BBC as Big Ben's midnight chimes died away.*

On this the first New Year's Day of my reign I send to all the peoples of the Empire my warmest wishes for their welfare and happiness.

In succeeding to the Throne I follow a father who had won for himself an abiding place in the hearts of his peoples, and a brother whose brilliant qualities gave promise of another historic reign—a reign cut short in circumstances upon which, from their very sadness, none of us would wish to dwell.

I realise to the full the responsibilities of my noble heritage. I shoulder them with all the more confidence in the knowledge that the Queen and my mother, Queen Mary, are at my side.

Throughout my life it will be my constant endeavour to strengthen that foundation of mutual trust and affection on which the relations between the Sovereign and the peoples of the British Empire so happily rest. I ask your help towards the fulfilment of this purpose, and I know that I do not ask in vain.

To repeat the words used by my dear father at the time of his Silver Jubilee, my wife and I dedicate ourselves for all time to your service, and we pray that God may give us guidance and strength to follow the path that lies before us.

## KENT SILK FOR THE CORONATION

The Kent village of Eynsford and the Essex town of Braintree will be represented at the Coronation, where Queen Elizabeth, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent are to wear robes of which the royal purple velvet will be woven at Braintree from silk produced at Lullingstone Park, Eynsford, by the silkworms farmed by Lady Hart Dyke.

This is a gratifying development of the industry pluckily begun in the grounds of the old castle only five years ago, when Lady Hart Dyke visited Milan to study silkworms, afterwards sending out a village girl to learn the art of reeling the silk from the cocoons on to a machine.

Recounting her joyous adventures to the Royal Society of Arts not long ago, Lady Hart Dyke revealed how her husband, Sir Oliver, after studying her one reeling-machine, from which only five pounds of raw silk were produced in a week, set to work to invent a better, and eventually presented her with three machines of his own designing, simple and effective, and including parts which have now been patented as new inventions, the result being that she can now produce 20 pounds of silk each week.

To make the industry pay, she says, it is essential to have 100 pounds a week, and, confident that she will achieve this, she has increased her plantation of mulberry trees, on whose foliage the silkworms feed, from five acres to over twenty, on which 15,000 new mulberry bushes from Milan have been planted.

## BABY PRINCESS

Perhaps the most welcome of all Christmas boxes was the baby girl of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. None could have been more welcome. The new baby reverses the old rhyming wish

*Now you're married we wish you joy,  
First a girl and then a boy,*  
but we are sure Prince Edward of Kent will be rejoiced to have a playmate sister.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Leeds Infirmary is to build a new X-ray department, Lady Manton having given £8000 toward the expense.

A century-old watch, with all its parts of wood except the springs, has been found in an optical shop at Artemovsk in the Ukraine.

A bronze sword of old Father Thames has come to light. Found buried under the river, it is thought to be at least 30 centuries old.

The passengers carried by the London Transport Board services in Christmas week were a million a day more than the year before; the total number was over 67,000,000.

Mademoiselle Maryse Bastié has flown across the South Atlantic from Dakar in North Africa to Port Natal in Brazil, 1920 miles, in 12 hours 5 minutes, beating Jean Batten's record for the journey by 70 minutes.

The Save the Children Fund has nursery schools for under-nourished little ones between two and five at Newcastle, North Shields, Sunderland, Middlesbrough, Leeds, Merthyr Tydfil, Brynmawr, and Hoxton, and others are to be opened.

More British magnesium is being produced, one firm preparing to turn out 150 tons a month.

It is said that the shortage of railway wagons is the cause of much trouble among miners in the Midlands.

More than 24,000,000 vehicles have been made by the Ford undertakings throughout the world.

Additional public security measures during the riots last summer cost Palestine two and a quarter million pounds.

## A TRADE PEACE

Australia and Japan have at last composed their trade differences.

Australia is to import cotton and artificial silk cloth from Japan, and Japan is to buy Australian material in exchange, mainly wool.

This is the sort of bartering agreement which is becoming common throughout the world. It is certainly a very happy thing for the two parties concerned.

## THINGS SEEN

Unguarded window-cleaners on narrow ledges in the city of London.

Mothers holding hands across the road at Shepherd's Bush to stop traffic for children.

A waiting horse with a van outside a warehouse manoeuvring into position as traffic made way.

Two men sitting in a watchman's hut being driven in a lorry.

## THINGS SAID

Some of the New Year will be Fate; most of it will be the work of our own hands. Dr Goebbels broadcasting in Germany

We have no desire to set up a course of physical jerks for the nation.

Minister of Health

Continue to obey in the New Year the eternal watchword, Everything for Germany.

Herr Hitler

A country cannot save itself unless it has faith in itself.

The Prime Minister of France

Religion must change civilisation by changing the pictures in men's minds and revolutionising their thoughts and wills.

Dean of St Paul's

Peace prevailed under Roman rule because none were strong enough to oppose it.

Dr Archibald Fleming

To see Queen Elizabeth once is to be her devoted servant for life.

Bishop of Chelmsford



## PORTS OF DANGER

Anxious Problems of  
the Government

### THE DEFENCE OF OUR ISLAND

By a Special Correspondent

In the war that ended eighteen years ago with the defeat of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria, the military issue was chiefly one of supply.

Great peoples, great armies, had to be fed and armed, and this involved above all the question of sea transport. Everything turned on cargoes. Realising this, Britain blockaded Germany, while Germany blockaded Britain.

*The British blockade succeeded; the German blockade failed.*

To blockade Germany, Britain with her splendid navy cut off all ships taking goods to that country, and persuaded the neutral countries surrounding Germany (Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark) not to import more goods than they had imported in peace, so that they had no surplus to sell to Germany.

#### Saved From Defeat

This proved to be a great success. Germany was denied many essential foods, and this depressed not only the army but the entire population. Lacking copper, the Germans had to ring their shells with iron, which spoiled their guns and made bad shooting. Lacking fat and other foods, the people were half starved.

But the German blockade of Britain failed, after coming very near to success. In April 1917 it appeared that we were to be beaten by starvation, but by organising convoys of ships, and making a safe Atlantic path for American supplies, we saved the country from defeat.

Now the British Government has to consider fresh factors. The Air Arm was an infant in 1918; now it has grown into a giant. The great growth of flying has created a new danger at our ports.

#### Overcrowded London

If we consider the populations working in and about London, there is a group of people within a very small area, numbering ten millions, more than a fifth of our entire population. It is most unfortunate that this crowding of industry around London has been allowed to grow up regardless of consequences.

London Port is so close to the Continent that it could be raided promptly and disastrously. To it are brought not only the sustenance of London's ten millions, but about a third of the sea-borne supplies of the entire nation. The hundred miles separating the heart of London from the Continent can be crossed by aeroplanes in half an hour.

So it is, in varying degree, with all our ports. Southampton is as easily raided as London. The east coast is very vulnerable, Hull being some 300 miles from the Continent. Aberdeen could be raided within a few hours flight.

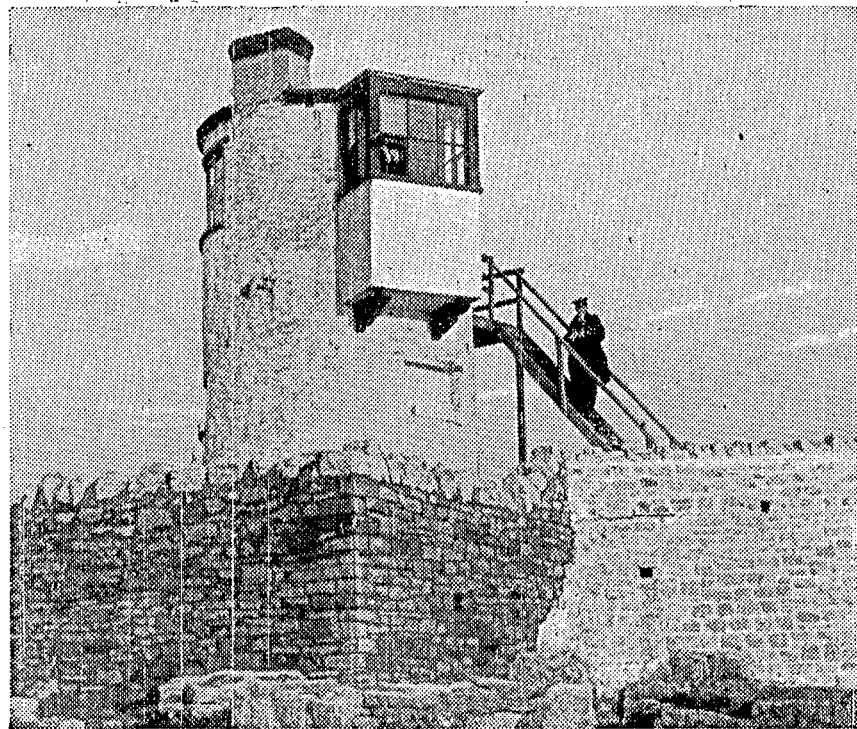
#### A Great Responsibility

Thus Port Protection is truly vital. It is useless to convoy ships if they are to be sunk while discharging their cargo, and the docks themselves would be among the first targets of an enemy in the air.

Britain, the island home, with a navy more than twice as strong as that of any other power, was yet seriously threatened by sea in 1914. In future our insular position, making us dependent on feeding through definite ports, becomes not a safeguard but a danger.

Our imports of food, raw materials, and other goods are worth £750,000,000 a year, or about £2,000,000 a day. The responsibility of guarding them is the greatest that faces any Government.

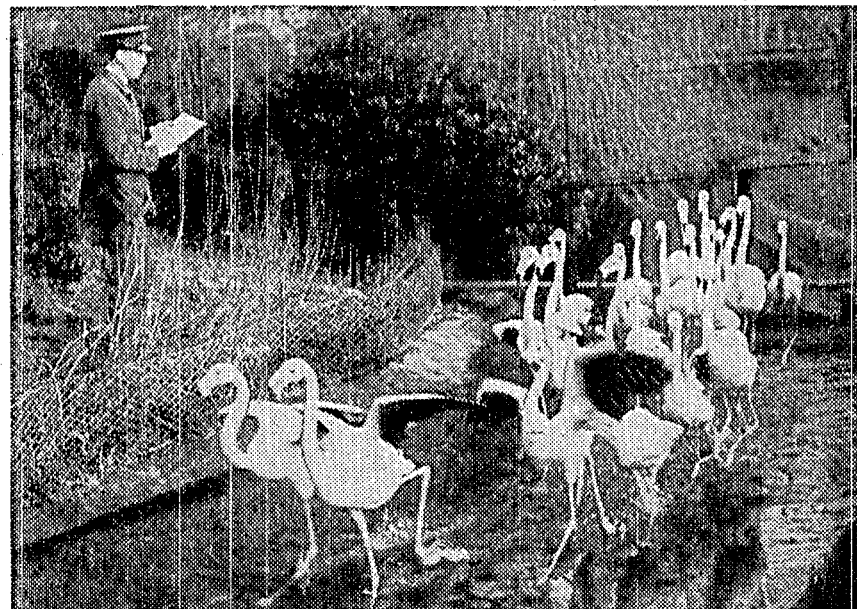
## Coast Tower · Tiny Horse · Zoo Census



The Look-Out—The Round Tower at Porthcawl in South Wales, formerly a pilot's look-out and now a coastguard station



The Little Horse—Making friends with a Shetland pony on a farm at Sturry in Kent



Stocktaking—Counting flamingoes at the London Zoo for the annual valuation of stock

## EARLY DAYS OF THE WIRELESS AGE

### Pioneer With Marconi

#### THRILL OF THE FIRST SIGNAL

A link with Marchese Marconi's early struggles has been severed now that he has lost his cousin, Colonel Henry Jameson Davis.

Colonel Davis, who lived to see his 82nd birthday, was much older than the young inventor when he helped him to form the first Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company. In those days the value of the invention was hardly perceived, and was in fact disputed by some electric experts.

A friend of the C N has a vivid recollection of seeing young Mr Marconi preparing experiments for a lecture at the Society of Arts in the Adelphi during the nineties of the last century. Not long before, Sir William Preece, the chief electrical engineer of the Post Office, had made successful attempts at the transmission of wireless signals between an island in the Bristol Channel and the mainland, a distance of a few miles.

#### Rival Methods

Preece's method was that of sending along one wire an electric current which induced another electric current in a wire stretched parallel to it. This was quite a different method from that of Marconi, who proposed to broadcast Hertzian (or wireless) waves from a transmitter and catch them up on a receiver.

Several eminent authorities thought Preece's method would be the one which would be employed for long-distance signalling, and that Marconi's wireless waves would never work except over a few miles. The exact opposite has proved to be the truth; but though Sir William Preece was afterwards ready to accept Marconi's views, and to admit the immense future of his invention, the Post Office never took it over. Not long after the lecture at the Society of Arts the Marconi Company was formed.

Colonel Davis was present at his cousin's lecture and never lost faith. He lived to see a justification of it which neither could have foreseen. First Marconi sent his signals from Wimereux, near Boulogne, on the coast of France, to England, and every year saw their range extending.

#### The First Trans-Atlantic Signal

Then at last came a day when from his wireless station at Poldhu in Cornwall he heard in America the first faint wireless signal. Marconi wireless had come to stay, and to conquer.

It has had many names and many inventions joined to it since then. The wireless valve of Sir Ambrose Fleming gave to the invention its second birth, when from signals the wireless sprang to the spoken word. That and the improvements of Sir Oliver Lodge (who just missed the golden opportunity Marconi seized), of Muirhead, and Lee de Forest, and a score of others have raised wireless to a power which makes itself heard from Pole to Pole.

But Marconi was the Columbus who stood the egg on end, and who by his imagination as an inventor and his skill as a manipulator started wireless on its way. It has all been done in forty years, for the company was formed in 1897.

#### THE OLDEST TWINS

Two brothers, Mr Robert Boyle of Kilbriart, Ireland, and his brother William who lives at Richmond, are now claimed as the oldest living twins in these islands. They will be 90 this month. Both are in good health and take a lively interest in the events and problems of the day.

Another correspondent tells us of two Yorkshire twins, Mrs Caroline Greenwood and Mrs Susannah Barrett, who celebrated their 86th birthday last year.

## SALUTE TO TWO ADVENTURERS

### Brave Men of Africa LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

The African adventures of two Englishmen have come to an end in their English homes with the passing of the old year.

One was Gerald Percy Aylmer, who had trekked across the Unknown Horn of Africa after the explorers Burton and Speke had failed. The other was John Fremantle, who nobody ever spoke of except as Jack, one of the pioneers of Nigeria, when West Africa was called the White Man's Grave. Those who knew them have one phrase in common in speaking of them. They were brave and gentle English gentlemen.

#### The Daring Four

Gerald Aylmer was one of those who seem born to adventure, seeking it in the bright face of danger. More than fifty years ago he went to the Sudan to find it, and was not content till he had charted the then unknown Basa country. Three friends went with him, and the same daring four then crossed that region of Africa, which till then had never known a white man, and reached the Webbe Shibeli River.

Africa had called him, and to the call he answered again and again. Unnumbered African tribes knew this undaunted white man, told him their secrets, admitted him to their brotherhood, and, above all, respected him. He won devotion wherever he went, whether in Somaliland, which he put on the map, or farther south, where his thirst for the unknown led him. He acquired a vast knowledge of Africa and the African Native, which he never published. But Africa will not forget this modest hero.

#### Official Work in Nigeria

Nor will it forget Jack Fremantle, who was another of the same kind of adventure-seeking Englishmen. His lines were cast in different surroundings, for he was one of those who took up official work in the new territory of Nigeria. There his energy and devotion served Great Britain well, and at the same time served the cause of the Hausa tribes. There had been rebellion among them, and Fremantle's firmness and sense of justice made him chief among the peacemakers.

The ill-health which takes its toll of so many white men on the West Coast did not spare him, and shortened his brave, devoted life. But he never desponded, and a tale is told of one of his adventures during the war which shows better than any words the brave and cheery spirit that never left him.

#### Four Hours in the Sea

While returning on leave from Nigeria his ship was torpedoed off the south coast of Ireland. Jack, who was the last passenger to leave the ship, found himself clinging with some others to a piece of wreckage. He thought he might cheer his fellow men into misfortune by singing. Only one tune came into his head at the moment, *A Life on the Ocean Wave*.

So he chanted it with heart and voice, and then sang other strains, interspersing them with the cheery talk which was always his to command. Four hours the party were in the water before they were picked up by a destroyer, and at the end of that long and dismal watch Jack clambered up the destroyer's side without assistance, and held out a helping hand to his companions.

To Jack Fremantle as to Gerald Aylmer the end of life is only the end of his labours. Both passed on without repining; and each would be more than satisfied to know it would be remembered of him that he lived a friend beloved by many and without an enemy in the world.

## THE LEAGUE CAN KEEP THE PEACE

### All-Party Declaration

Members of the four groups of public men have signed the following declaration. They represent all parties and include Mr Churchill, Mr Attlee, Professor Gilbert Murray, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr Lloyd George.

In every country there is talk of war, and in some countries attacks have openly been made upon the League of Nations and the principle of Collective Security.

We declare that war can be averted and a stable peace permanently maintained if the nations which are members of the League will now make plain their determination to fulfil their obligations under the Covenant and to take any measures required for the prevention or repression of aggression, including, if necessary, military action.

Only so will the peaceful settlement of international disputes become possible.

We affirm that if the members of the League are united in this policy their joint strength will be so overwhelming that no intending aggressor will venture to refuse the settlement of disputes or other outstanding questions by peaceful means.

We accordingly urge that in any reform of the Covenant which may be undertaken nothing shall be done to weaken its provisions in this respect, but that, on the contrary, the system of the League shall be strengthened for the prevention of war.

We also urge the importance of establishing within the framework of the League of Nations effective machinery for remedying by peaceful means international conditions which might lead to war.

## WHAT THE LEAGUE SHOULD DO

*Nearing the Abyss. By Lord Davies. Constable. 3s 6d.*

In this little book Lord Davies considers the lesson of Ethiopia.

Beginning with a vivid chapter in which he sets out the world problem as one which might occur in a small community, Lord Davies shows that the anarchical methods of Signor Mussolini could only lead to destruction.

It is the strengthening rather than the weakening of the Sanctions Article of the Covenant that is essential, says Lord Davies, if our civilisation is to be saved, and he believes that the rule of law between nations must be provided with all those means of enforcing it that have been found necessary in any civilised State. In reply to those who argue that such a provision will take a long time, Lord Davies shows how quickly Federation was established in America after the War of Independence, when the Thirteen States showed very much the same attitude toward each other as the States of Europe show today.

The American experiment, inspired by Alexander Hamilton, has stood the test of time, and the Civil War only proved the need for the Federal Government to be entrusted with a force superior to the State Militias.

Our aim today, Lord Davies argues, must be to develop the federal conception of Europe, with no regional pacts or alliances, which Lord Davies thinks injurious to the League and destructive of everything for which the Covenant stands. Collective action in every sphere of human society implies that the greatest forces, not the least, are brought to bear on the aggressor and the defaulter, and this, says the author of this book, must be the method of the League if justice and peace are to prevail.

This book is a notable contribution to the cause of peace at a time when every Government is arming.

## TWO SHOPS

### Surprises For the Customer

We give these two stories a little late because we think it worth while to pass them on. They are the experiences of a C N reader in the shops.

As she was leaving a shop in London, having found what she wanted and been courteously served, the salesman came up to our C N friend with a little packet and said, "Will you please accept this, for a smiling customer? You are the first we have had this year, and we have had to wait until December for you!" Our reader accepted it gladly, and found in the box a neat propelling pencil.

The next shop was at Dartford, where she went to buy some lilies for a church. She chose them, and the girl began to pick them out, having announced that the price was sixpence a bloom. The customer noticed that the girl was about to break off two buds and, horrified at the thought, stopped her just in time. "But we charge sixpence for buds, too," said the girl, whereupon the customer offered an extra twopence each if the girl would leave the buds. The girl refused, and as the customer was anxious for the church to have the flowers, and had no chance of finding a kinder shop, she stood by while the girl broke off the buds and threw them on the floor.

We are glad to say that was in the bad old days of last year; we feel sure that in the good days of this year nobody in any flower shop will do such a stupid thing again.

## RAILWAYS SPENDING MILLIONS

### New Rolling Stock and Track Improvements

Prosperity brings more prosperity, and it is good to learn that the railways are to spend millions this year on improvements and replacements.

Under this heading alone, and quite apart from other works in hand, the LMS is to spend £7,650,000. There will be 105 new engines, 210 boilers, 751 carriages, 12,305 wagons, and numerous other vehicles. The new passenger coaches, which will include 17 restaurant cars and 180 corridor coaches, are to be of a special lightweight design; and welding has been adopted for the bogies and underframes in place of riveting. Wood of Empire origin is to be used for the interior decoration of most of the new coaches, and little ivoryine tablets will tell us that the wood is Burmese teak or Nigerian Kevazingo or Canadian maple or Australian walnut.

For renewals affecting 835 miles of track more than 96,000 tons of steel will be required from British manufacturers. Nearly a million and a half new sleepers will be needed for replacements, about a hundred miles of track being entirely re-sleepered.

## FASTER, HIGHER, AND FARTHER

### Gliding News From Russia

Gliders are in the news coming from Russia, land of mass parachute descents.

An air club in Moscow is said to be developing a new glider to be capable of travelling at 80 to 100 miles an hour. An odd feature of the machine is that it is to have tanks for water ballast, so that weight can be reduced when it is desired to climb to greater heights or to increase speed.

Another glider is to attempt this month a journey of 7000 miles, towed behind an aeroplane. The journey will begin and, it is hoped, end at Moscow, by way of towns in the Urals, Siberia, the Volga, and Ukraine areas, taking in Leningrad on the way home.

## LONDON'S NEW TELEVISION CABLE

### The Next Step Forward

Television comes to us on slow feet, but it is expected to make a big stride this year.

It is the first big stride that counts, and we think it has already been taken. Any day now we may step inside the Science Museum and at 11 o'clock in the morning see and hear the television actors on the screen.

But it is of another big step we are thinking, and one that is only indirectly concerned with the Alexandra Palace broadcasts or the big equipment built up there for them. Only a few minutes before these lines were written for the C N we spoke to a colleague who the night before had been to a friend's house, and there seen what had appeared on a privately owned television screen.

#### The Coronation Procession

He had, in his own words, seen a girl appear on the panel, as clear as on the screen of any picture-house, had seen her move and watched the play of her features, and had heard her sing, as plain as plain could be. Then another figure appeared and another performance. All this in a few years more or less will be a pleasure enjoyed in thousands of homes. At present such an instrument is costly, but we remember that the first wireless sets, made long before the BBC was thought of, cost £50 apiece, and were rare at that price, and did not work at all well.

The Television programme for this year includes a widening of the scenes broadcast. In addition to scenes televised from the studio or from the grounds of the Alexandra Palace there will be others from all parts of London. The first big experiment will be that of televising parts of the Coronation procession.

#### Transmission From a Van

This will be made possible by the television van and the television cable which the Post Office is to lay round inner London for use with the van. The van will be equipped to feed pictures from its cameras to the television cable, which can be tapped at various parts along its circuit to admit this transmission.

If the Coronation pictures prove successful the van can be moved to many other points in London, to Lord's for a cricket match, or Twickenham for a Rugby International, or to Victoria or Waterloo when famous people arrive.

Besides the van's equipment for feeding the P O cable it will have a very short wave transmitter to send its pictures, without relaying them, over a circle of about six miles radius from the place where the van is working.

## A GOLDFISH'S TWO LIVES

Soviet scientists are still busying themselves with a new kind of refrigeration for fish supplies.

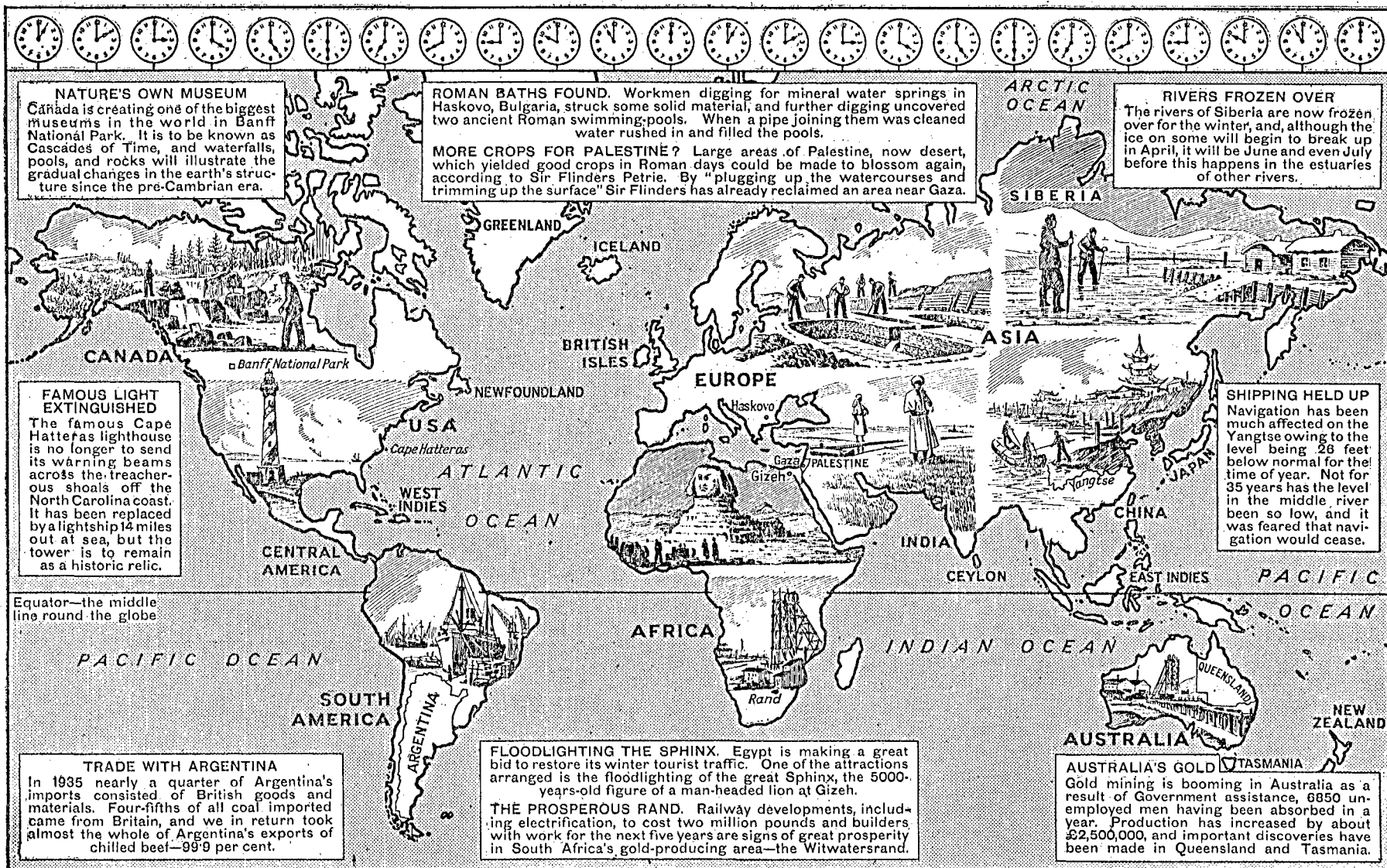
Refrigeration as applied to fish commonly means freezing dead fish so as to preserve them for some length of time. Much fish coming to English markets has been frozen in this way, and one of the problems is to prevent the loss of flavour in the process.

But the Russian experiment as carried out by Professors Schmidt and Platonov is to preserve the fish alive, though partly frozen, during their transportation over long distances. The fish while alive are placed on ice, and a thin film of ice forms over them. Then after several days of this treatment they are placed in water, about the temperature of a warm bath, or rather less, 54 degrees, and they revive.

Sturgeon brought from Astrakhan to Moscow and kept on ice for nearly two days revived when put into water at the end of the journey. Goldfish brought from Leningrad in the same way revived.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## GOOD NEWS FOR BLIND PEOPLE

### Pensions at Forty

The Minister of Health announces that legislation to grant old age pensions of 10s a week to the blind at 40 will be introduced in the new session of Parliament. It is estimated that more than 5000 blind people will benefit by such a measure.

In making this welcome announcement the Minister said that there are 75,000 registered blind in the United Kingdom, of whom 25,000 are in receipt of old age pensions after 50. It is difficult for the majority of blind people to take advantage of training for any occupation after the age of 40, and on that account most of them are unemployed.

### THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND

We believe there is no part of England where Handel's Messiah is better loved or more often performed than the west of Yorkshire, and for all but a year of half a century there is hardly likely to have been a trumpeter in the land who has played The Trumpet Shall Sound oftener than John Paley.

Since he first sounded the loud trumpet at Ripon he has never missed a year without playing in many performances of the Messiah. Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Meltham—these and other Yorkshire towns have been stirred by trumpeter John.

### A RECTOR HAS AN IDEA

The rector of St George's Church, Stamford, has introduced the idea of sending a bus round the distant parts of his parish so that people may attend service easily. The bus will call in time to take them to the evening service, and then take them home again, free of charge. Neither young nor old will now be able to say the weather was too bad for them to turn out of doors.

## WORLD EXHIBITIONS

### Paris and Rome

It is hoped that Paris this year and Rome in 1941 will be holding international exhibitions.

The French strike troubles have affected the Paris plans but it is hoped that all will be in good order for the opening planned for May. Work is going on continuously, day and night, to make up for lost time.

All the nations are erecting splendid pavilions, and the French themselves are making such improvements that it is hoped that, when the exhibition is over, Paris will permanently gain new buildings and works worth £2,000,000. The British Pavilion will cover 2000 square yards and will worthily represent British activities.

The Rome plans are very ambitious, and involve the creation of new parks and roads and buildings stretching from the Eternal City to the sea. The scheme is already in being, for the work to be done is enormous. As in Paris, the money to be spent is designed to make permanent improvements.

### OLD PICTURES COME TO LIGHT

We remember Goxhill in Lincolnshire for its green foxhill, a windmill without sails, and for a wonderful old church with a massive tower and a great show of little stone people inside and out.

Carved by sculptors who have been dust for centuries is a little man like a bird, and a knight who seems ready to draw his sword.

There is something more to see now, for a hidden treasure has come to light at Goxhill. While repairing the church a workman accidentally dislodged some plaster, revealing part of a wall painting. No one had any idea that there were paintings on the walls, but an expert has revealed a picture of the Crucifixion with the cross between Mary and John, and declared them to be nearly 500 years old.

## CHILDREN ON BICYCLES

### A Traffic Test

At Tynemouth Municipal High School any child wishing to cycle to school is forbidden to do so unless a safety-first test is passed.

The candidates have to pass an examination in the Ministry of Transport's Highway Code and then show that, when cycling, they know how to put their book knowledge into practice. No child is allowed to cycle to school unless living more than a mile away.

While we think these tests excellent, we still think, as we have said many times, that all drivers of motor-vehicles, and not merely new applicants for licences, should be tested.

### A YOUNG MAN WITH A QUIET MANNER

Erold Hansen is a young man with fair hair and a quiet manner.

A Norwegian, he did a magnificent thing when his ship ran on the rocks off the coast of New Brunswick. Without a moment's hesitation he stripped off his oilskins, tied a line round his waist, and plunged into the sea, swimming to shore after battling for 15 minutes against waves and a strong current.

Reaching shore, he fastened a rope to a rock and was able to help the rest of the crew to escape from the sinking vessel. Young Erold has had little to say of his adventure, but the crew never tires of paying tribute to his daring.

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE

The LNER is to have birds on the permanent way. Some of its new locomotives, which will haul the Coronation streamlined express between London and Edinburgh, are to be called by the names of birds, the first five being Golden Eagle, Falcon, Merlin, Kingfisher, and Kestrel. All will become birds of passage.

## MORE OF THESE PEOPLE WANTED

### The Pleasure of Paying Taxes

The people of Port Moresby in Papua have been indignant, and when the Government tax collector arrived a little while ago the natives gathered round him almost threateningly.

They wished to lay a grievance before him, and were angry at the treatment they had suffered. They wanted to be taxed.

They wanted to pay the tax, said the Chief. Other villages did: why could they not pay?

The tax collector explained that no tax had been levied on Port Moresby because the Government had not wished to overburden a small place which they believed to be without the means to pay, but this reply brought more indignation. "Are we dogs or bush-rats that we cannot pay?" the Chief demanded.

Then he showed the collector the money that had been gathered, and neither he nor his people were satisfied with anything less than a promise that Port Moresby should in future have the privilege of paying tax.

### FLYING SCHOOL FOR BIRDS ONLY

The RSPCA has had so many captive wild birds handed over to it for liberation by order of magistrates that it is building two big open-air cages for them.

One cage is for foreign birds which would only perish if released; the other is for English birds which can thus recover their power of flight and possibly their power of feeding themselves before they are given complete liberty.

Experts are to be employed to watch over the welfare of the birds, and a hospital is being provided for the repair of casualties. The cost for the first year is estimated at about £300.

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 9

1937



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Who Will Give Us a Film?

WILL some film producer give us a great film of England?

We should like to see all King George's England in a little over an hour, and to hear some of it too. In Coronation Year it would be stirring, surely, to see our land as a great panorama.

In our 70 minutes of English sights and sounds we could come upon the lonely plough on a quiet hill, and go down to the sea in ships, watching a great liner cast off at Liverpool or Southampton. We could see England in spring when the woods are full of the sound of singing birds, the blue-bells shimmering under the trees, and the orchards snowed over with blossom.

We could see England in all its summer splendour, in the red and gold of autumn, and in the majesty of winter with the snow on the hills. We could look over moors without a house in sight, and come to crowded cities to feel the hum of trade and industry and all the high tide of active life. We could hear Big Ben strike ten, and see the editor at his desk and the shopgirl behind the counter, the clerk in his office, the mill-hand at the loom, the miner hewing coal.

We could turn aside to wander through an English village, with the blacksmith at his forge, the old lady gathering flowers in her cottage garden, the horse drinking at the pond, the home team playing on the green. We could see the sexton ringing the bell when the evening sun is low, and hear the parson preach and pray; and we could look in at a cathedral when the organ voluntary is finished and the people are singing John Ellerton's hymn *The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended*.

We could see an old man and his wife walking along a country lane, and children running out from school. We could look at our historic ruins, the abbeys where men praised God in far-off days, and the castles from which they rode out conquering and to conquer. We could come to the stately homes of England, and to the spots which are for ever dear because some great souls lived there—Shakespeare's Stratford, John Wesley's Epworth, John Bunyan's Bedford, Cromwell's Huntingdon, William Blake's Felpham, the Downs beloved by Tennyson, the Lakes where Ruskin lies and where Wordsworth saw the daffodils.

What should we not see in this film of England—our Motherland? It would be the greatest picture ever seen, and would console us for a thousand follies of the films.

## The Proper Spirit

IT is late news, but this letter so encouraged the treasurer of one of the Christmas appeals that he sent it to the press:

Dear Sir, I enclosed P/O 5s. I read your notice in the times I hope it will help while I am earning money I will try and send you a little trifle later on I sincerely wish you every success in your work.

Sincerely yours, A Streatham Slavey.

## Wasting Time Pleasantly

WAITING for trains would be so much pleasanter if we had a little music to cheer us.

One or two of the big London stations have a news cinema, but why do not some of our smaller stations make themselves more interesting?

We listened to the wireless from the porter's room on a small station the other day and thought what a good idea it would be if some of our railways were to instal sets in their general waiting-rooms.

## A Word To Magistrates

THE roads are full of car-drivers who refuse to obey the law which lays down that they must be insured.

In a year 13,642 of them were caught, but their driving licences were suspended in only 4588 cases.

We need the full application of the existing law while we await a sterner law on this subject.

## Peggy's Pip

IT is 18 years since Peggy planted a pip to see if anything happened. Something did.

The pip grew and became a fine tree nine feet high, its dark green leaves very pleasant to see. For three years it has borne oranges, first a crop of three, and this year thirty.

Peggy Loader's orange tree is growing in the grounds of the Poor Law Institution at Bridlington. The fruit ripens about February, and very proud the old folk are of their new harvest.

## Looking For Grandmother

THE search for an Aryan grandmother and the unpleasantness of the old lady turning out to be non-Aryan has not produced only tragedy in Germany.

There is still a little humour left in that unfortunate land; and a few people who can laugh at such childishness. Read this current version of Little Red Riding Hood:

"Where are you going to?" growled the big bad wolf when he met Little Red Riding Hood in the wood.

"I am looking for my grandmother," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"So are we all," replied the wolf, sadly.

## In Darkest Africa

A YORKSHIREMAN has been telling of an experience he had in Africa a few years before the war.

He was at a spot in West Africa where there was little chance of meeting a white man, when he came upon a group of natives in charge of a European. They spoke, and the Yorkshireman found he was speaking to an Englishman who somehow reminded him of a school friend. "Were you at Reading?" he asked.

The stranger said he was. A night or two later the two sat down to dine on ground-nut chops, their celebration coinciding almost to the hour with the Old Boys Dinner at home.

## Tip-Cat

AN old man says girls can't cook as his mother did. He will make them boil.

PEOPLE are complaining of overcrowded houses. You can't shut them up.

A FILM star fell from a roof without injury. Just dropped out of a rehearsal.

WHY are waiting-rooms so dull? They are tired of waiting.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



A GIRL says she is always late for her school breaking-up party. Gets there as it is breaking up.

PEOPLE doing silhouette portraits are to be seen at the big stores. They try to cut each other out.

A FISHERMAN wears out many pairs of boots. But he can always add a fresh sole.

THE latest bedroom slippers are called foot flatterers. We know some dancing pumps that ought to be called foot flatteners.

## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE number killed on our roads last year was the lowest since 1928.

OVER £20,000 has been subscribed in three months for Sheffield Cathedral without an appeal.

A PACT of friendship has been agreed on by Yugo-Slavia and Bulgaria.

## JUST AN IDEA

That was a thing well worth saying (said by a wise doctor the other day): that man has acquired a control over machines without acquiring anything like a corresponding control over himself.

## My Visitors

HERE comes Joy,  
Happy boy!  
Hear him shout!  
Watch him wave his arms about.

Hand in hand with him comes  
Glee;  
And little Laughter  
Running after  
Me.

I'm delighted at their coming,  
Greetings to renew.  
They are dancing, dancing, dancing  
I am dancing too.  
Egbert Sandford on New Year's Day

## New Year's Farthing

CANON SOLLOWAY, Vicar of Selby Abbey for 25 years, has been looking back.

Among his reminiscences is one of an odd thing he once did when trying to raise £800. Meeting a well-to-do parishioner, he said, "I would like you to give me a farthing on the first day of January, and double your gift every day for one month. Will you?"

His parishioner said he would, and a little while after he called on Canon Solloway to honour his promise with a lump sum. "Just tell me what it comes to," he said, "and I'll let you have it here and now."

"Thank you very much," replied the smiling canon. "The total is £2,236,962 2s 7½d, but you need not bother about the shillings and pence."

## William Wigston Looks a Long Way Forward

AMONG the records examined by Colonel Wedgwood for the first volume of biographies of members of Parliament is that of a man whose hopes of remembrance were too sanguine.

He was William Wigston, a Leicester wool merchant and landowner who, dying in 1501, left a sum of money so that masses should be sung for his soul "while the world shall endure."

It was such bequests as these which led to the lovely little chantries in some of our churches; but the Reformation put an end to the effectiveness of such trusts. Most of the little chapels and chantries in old churches had priests, whose duties were to sing masses for the soul of the benefactor.

Today these chapels and chantries are silent, though they preach no less effectively for that.

## No Land Like Ours

Oh, splendid England, home and citadel of virtue and learning! No land in all the world is like England. In no country would I love better to spend my days. Erasmus

## A Word From Shakespeare

Lord Nuffield's Millions

He . . . bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dews fall everywhere.  
Men of his way . . . are set here for examples.  
Henry the Eighth



## TOWER HILL'S FUTURE

### The City's Eastern Gateway

Everybody joins the C N in wishing well to the plan for beautifying Tower Hill. Lord Wakefield has expressed his good wishes in another gift of £30,000 toward it.

He had already given £20,000 to the scheme which "Tubby" Clayton of Toc H had at heart when he first put forth the idea of making this Eastern Gate of London worthy of its surroundings and its history.

Tubby Clayton, whose church of All Hallows guards the shrine of Toc H, did not believe in half measures. His scheme was to clear Tower Hill of its encrusted ugliness and make it a beautiful garden where the children of Stepney might come to play and the old people might sit in the sun among the flowers.

#### Pageant of Our History

Old and young might then and there remember the pageant of English history that has passed by, coming and going like the ebb and flow of the Thames beside it. Here came the Romans and built the strong eastern wall of the city. Mr Clayton's scheme will pull down the buildings which hide a length of the Wall and restore it to light and remembrance.

The foundations and parts of the walls of a Roman tower built against the inside of Londinium's Wall have been found under a cellar floor. The tower is 17 feet wide with walls three feet thick, and was either one of two towers defending a gateway or an ordinary guarding bastion of the wall. We know the time of its building, the second century, when Londinium was fast becoming one of the great provincial capitals of the Empire of the Caesars.

#### The Conqueror's London House

But the memories of these departed Roman ancestors in Britain is only one of those treasured by this age-old site. Here came the Conqueror to build the Tower as his London house, and it is a curious fact that the name of the Caesars seems to have clung to it. Shakespeare refers in Richard the Second to the Norman castle as the work of Julius Caesar. In a street leading to the Tower Richard's queen awaits the doomed king, and says: This way the King will come: this is the way To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower To whose flint bosom my condemned lord Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.

We do not know what street Shakespeare was thinking of in writing this moving scene, but it may have been the west-to-east highway which passed out through the postern gate in the medieval wall. The ruins of the gate stood in his time, though the Roman work which was its forerunner had long been lost sight of; but the name of Postern Row recalled it as recently as forty years ago.

#### A New Vista

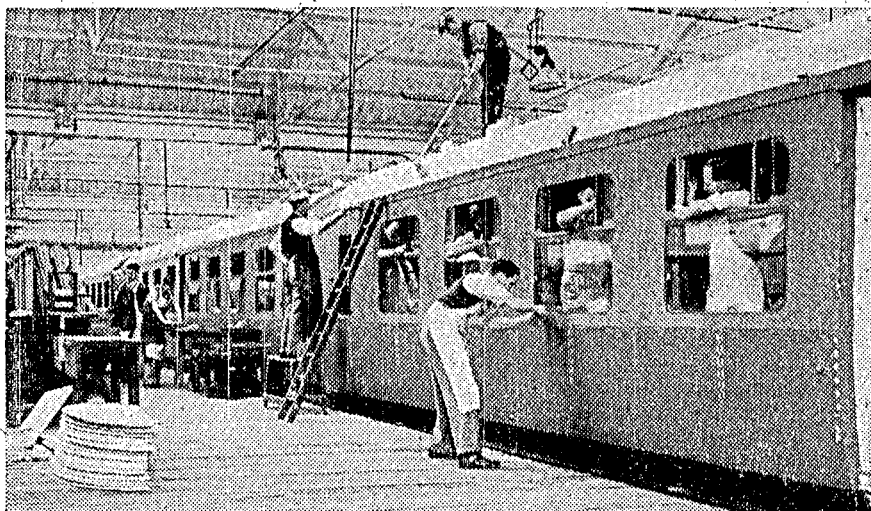
That Eastern Gateway can never come back, but if Tower Hill is restored, as its friends, among whom the C N is proud to enrol itself, would wish it to be, a new Gate of London will be opened where the church of All Hallows stands. A tall, forbidding warehouse obscures it now. If this is removed a great vista will be clear, setting All Hallows against a background of the City of London as far as the spire of St Dunstan's in the East.

There will be other improvements, and we may suppose it will be long before Tower Hill loses all the flotsam and jetsam of the wharves of Lower Thames Street and Billingsgate. But this is not all to the bad, for it is part and parcel of the workaday life of London Port. If Tower Hill is the home of tragic and glorious memories of kings and queens, nobles and prelates, it has also been the marketplace where the labourers have met to lay bare their poverty and wrongs.

Rich and poor, mighty and humble have come to this magnetic hill.

It should be our purpose and privilege to disclose its story and beautify its historic stones.

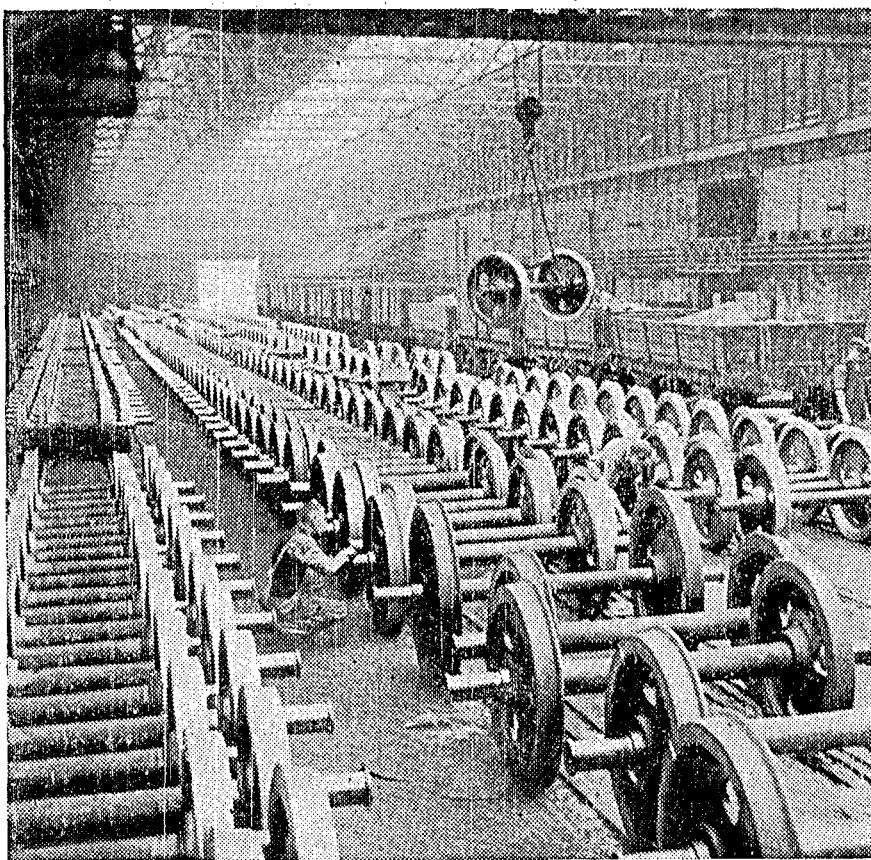
## New Stock For British Railways



Finishers at work on new railway coaches in the Swindon works of the G W R



Transferring the L M S crest to a new passenger coach at Wolverton



Goods-wagon wheels for the L N E R at a Manchester steel works

## AMERICA ON GUARD

### Protecting the New Prosperity

#### INCOME OF 12,000 MILLIONS

The United States seems fairly set on the road to recovery, although much distress still remains in town and country, and an army of people still receive State relief.

The Secretary of Commerce estimates that the national income of America (all the incomes of all the people) was about £12,000,000,000 last year, working out at an average income per head of over £900 a year. This makes State doles look strange, but the fact is that the distribution of wealth is very unequal.

Before the Great War America had few merchant ships on the ocean; she now aims at a "competitive mercantile marine equal or superior to those of other great Powers." This, however, would earn her more imports, the very imports which her tariff policy seeks to shut out!

The American Government is determined not to allow foreign capital to play a large part in her affairs, exposing her to the risk of sudden withdrawals, as in 1929. In the first nine months of last year no less than £456,000,000 of foreign funds entered America, chiefly from England, France, and Holland. The total foreign holdings in America now reaches £1,400,000,000. America is on guard in this matter and will not allow her credit to be inflated by foreign means. She is wise in this. It was a sudden withdrawal of Continental funds from England in 1931 that caused our own bank crisis.

#### A RELIC OF SHELLEY?

The mystery of Shelley's Heart has been finally cleared up in Arthur Mee's Enchanted Land, and it would appear possible now that one of Shelley's bones has come to light.

A locksmith has been at work on a safe in the house in Rome where Keats died. The key of the safe was lost years ago, but with the opening of the door two boxes have been found, one empty and the other labelled "A relic of Shelley." Inside was found a bone.

After being drowned off Spezia in 1822, Shelley's body was cremated, Leigh Hunt, who looked on, giving us that description of the last scene which has since become one of our immortal pieces of English literature:

None of the mourners refused themselves the little comfort of supposing that lovers of books and antiquity would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption. The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty.

#### THE CORKS FLOATING DOWN THE STREAM

A diamond enterprise in South Africa was lately disturbed by a manifest leakage of stones and employed secret agents to solve the mystery.

It was found that certain natives in the employ of the company were throwing corks into the river. Some of these corks were retrieved and found to have diamonds inside.

Following the matter up, they discovered that other natives lower down the river were in collusion, and busily brought ashore all corks floating down the stream.

**The Litter Lout Raises Your Rates**  
*Put him down and keep them down*

## PARLIAMENT'S AYES AND NOES

WHILE Parliament is in recess would it not be well for those who manage it to consider the reform of its methods?

Not the least of the things that need revision is its way of voting—of taking a division, as it is called.

The present method, incredible as it may seem, is that the two streams of Members, respectively for and against the motion to be voted upon, pass into two great lobbies right and left of the Chamber itself. At the end of each of these lobbies a telling clerk sits with a complete list of Members' names. One by one the Members file past the clerk, who ticks off the names on his list as they pass. Then the ticked names are counted up, and the tellers, when called on by Mr Speaker, advance up the floor, bow, and declare the result. This is always done by the teller of the winning side.

This bodily counting of MPs is a long and tedious business and occupies 15 to 20 minutes for each division. The consequent waste of time is very great: on some days divisions may occupy several hours. This in a Parliament of which it is always declared that it has not time enough to do many desirable things!

There are, of course, better methods of taking divisions. In Sweden they contrive to count the votes of Members in 30 seconds, or about a fortieth of the

time occupied in our House of Commons. It is very simple.

Each Member has a desk—as he has not in our Parliament. (Our House of Commons seats comfortably only half of its Members, and guarantees no seat to anyone.) On each desk there are two electric buttons, one for Aye and one for No. Voting is simply a matter of pressing one or other of the buttons. On the wall is a panel with the name of each Member and red and green lamps, the red flashing to the Yes button, the green flashing to the No. When the voting is done the Chairman (Mr Speaker, as we call him) presses a button, and the result, automatically counted, appears on a panel.

The adoption of such a commonsense method depends upon each Member having a seat of his own. The fact that in our House of Commons no Member has a proper seat is a matter which needs attention even more than the method of voting. Few people realise that even Ministers have not enough accommodation in Parliament.

The House of Commons could easily be enlarged by incorporating the two big unnecessary Division Lobbies with the present Chamber.

What can be expected from a Parliament which has not even the sense to make itself reasonably comfortable; and in which, day by day, Members have to compete for seats?

## HULL IS DOING WELL

HULL is in the forefront of the movement for helping industrial recovery by helping itself.

From metal spraying to cod-liver oil, from brass finishing to cocoa butter, its manufactures are all going up. It begins the New Year with a 25 per cent improvement all round on employment, compared with a year ago.

The most encouraging thing in the improvement is the way it has been brought about by adopting new ways and new ideas instead of shuffling along in the old rut. One old-established firm of marine engineers has set up an entirely new scientific plant for electric, oxy-acetylene, and atomic hydrogen welding, and metal spraying. The metal spraying is a remarkable invention. By spraying metal on metal that is worn the old parts are given a second life; and at the same time the structure is made proof against corrosion. A large steel vessel was recently coated with lead to a thickness of an eighth of an inch. Half a ton of lead was sprayed on it as if through a nozzle.

Hull shares with Grimsby the spoils of the North Sea fisheries, and Hull is now taking over the cod-liver oil which they produce. The whole Hull fishing

fleet has now been newly equipped so that it can produce the crude fish oil while at sea, and so ensure a steady supply ready for the necessary treatment at Hull's new cod-liver oil refinery, which now deals with a greater bulk of oil than the whole of the Norwegian product.

Cocoa butter we used to think had vanished with the war, when the British housewife was introduced to it as a substitute in cooking. Hull has not dropped it, but, on the other hand, established a new industry of cocoa butter production rather more than a year ago. It has done so well that its products and sales have doubled in the year and are still increasing.

Corks are also flying up, as well as the composition substitutes for them. But bottles are not the only things wanting corks. The east coast fishers want them for their trawl nets. The Hull cork factory has them, and some of these corks float in the fishing grounds of the Arctic.

Hull supplies brass fittings, grape-fruit juice, wooden boot heels, wire ropes, twine, fertilisers. All is fish that comes out of its net, and the catch improves every day.

## BEACONS THAT ARE BEACONS

IN Newcastle the familiar yellow globes which top the Belisha beacons have been lit from within by electric light.

This was an idea which we suggested long ago, and we are glad to see it done. The yellow globe, unlit, is of small use at night, when only the wayfarer, for whose protection it is put there, can see it, and the motorist cannot. Or, if he perceives it among a confusion of other street and shop signs, it is too late.

The objection made at the time was that it would cost too much to fit all Belisha beacons with electric lights. Our alternative suggestion was that the Belisha beacon should be made to serve the double purpose of a street lamp and a safety beacon, and experience seems to show that this idea is still worth considering.

There are too many Belisha beacons, and familiarity with them has bred indifference to their warning. A good many are placed in the wrong positions, either at, or too near, a crossing which is governed by two red, green, and yellow

lights, or is regulated by a policeman. A consequence is that the wayfarer thinks he has the right to cross there, and the motorist knows that the wayfarer is wrong. Out of this division of opinion the wayfarer is likely to come out worse.

The C.N. suggestion is that the number of beacons should be reduced, and that all should be placed if possible where, as street lamps lit by night, they should illuminate the way in which the wayfarer should go.

## CAR ENGINE AT THE BACK?

Mr Henry Ford has patented in America a motor-car, which has its engine mounted over the rear axle.

Thus the driver would be placed at the very front of the car, save for any necessary pointing to secure streamline.

This is by no means the first time a car has been designed with engine at the back. It is not known whether the design is to be put into practice.

## Holiday Science Lectures • Storm Clouds



Storm Clouds Over the River—A striking



A London Lecture—Professor G. I. Taylor demonstrating a diver's suit at the Royal Institution, where holiday lectures for girls and boys have been given



## Boats Over the Thames • School Talkies



1 winter scene on the Thames near Greenwich



Talking Films in School—Pupils of Bryony Road L.C.C. School at Shepherd's Bush inspecting a talking film apparatus which parents have bought for the school

## THE ARCHBISHOP TO THE PEOPLE

We gladly place on record a summary of the appeal of the Archbishop of Canterbury for a revival of earnestness among our people. The appeal was made on the eve of the New Year, from Lambeth Palace.

**W**E stand at a stage in the journey of personal and national life when we do well to stop and think, to ask, Whither are we moving?

At this time I am moved to make a somewhat special and solemn appeal to my fellow-countrymen. It is a Recall to Religion.

God is not so much denied as merely crowded out. Just as when Christ came on the first Christmas Day there was no room for Him in the inn, so now there is no room for Him in the noise and bustle of the hostelry of modern life.

Well may we ask—Whither is the drift carrying us? It may carry us to judgment. How often brilliant gifts fail to bear their fruit unless they have their roots in religious faith and moral principle!

So the manifold gifts which God has bestowed upon our nation and Empire (such as the great gifts of order and freedom) will fail to fulfil their purpose unless they are deep-rooted in the faith and fear of God. Yet there is, I am convinced, an instinct of religion and of sound morality in the common heart. It persists in the sub-conscious life of our people. But it is vague.

With this instinct is an interest in religion—critical, impatient, yet sincere, and perhaps more widespread than ever before.

What is needed is a new and sustained endeavour to arrest the drift, to arouse and strengthen the instinct, to satisfy the longing. This is what I mean by a Recall to Religion.

Could there be a more timely occasion for such a recall than Coronation year?

I would fain hope that the leaders of religion, to whatever denomination they may belong and in whatever ways they may think best, may prepare the people for their share in the great event. Would to God that it might mark not only the beginning of a new Reign but the beginning of a new return of the nation to God, a new loyalty as to the King so also and above all to the King of Kings.

During these coming months, in the midst of all the writing and talking about the Coronation, may another Voice be heard, saying to us all: "O My people, return unto the Lord your God."

All of you, and especially any to whom some measure of wealth or position brings the responsibility of influence and example, I ask to think seriously whether present tendencies of morality are carrying our national life, and to return to the old Christian standards.

Pleasures you must have. God knows how needful they are as means of escape from the strain of life or the monotony of work. See that they are wholesome, that the wine leaves no bitter dregs. Help to keep the whole tone of our common life healthy and clean and sound.

## HOLLAND SAVES HER BACON

**H**OLLAND has sent 30,000 pigs and a million tons of bacon to Germany.

It is a welcome New Year's gift, for Germany has no surplus of either. In return Germany is expected to send some of her surplus industrial products to Holland. We hope there will be no guns for butter.

The exchange is part of a scheme drawn up by Sir Henri Deterding, who has grown rich out of oil, and the result of the plan will be that the agricultural products left over in Holland, after she has supplied the home market and her other customers, will be sent to her nearest customer and neighbour.

This arrangement between Holland and Germany is in some ways like that entered on between England and Ireland, where coal is exchanged for farm produce. It has proved satisfactory so far as it has gone with us, and we hope the rumour that the exchange is to go farther this year will prove true.

One difference in the schemes may be at once seen. Sir Henri Deterding's plan is in part a charitable one, intended to contribute to the German Winter Help organisation. The winter is pressing

hard on Germany, where there is a shortage of butter, of fats of all kinds, and of eggs, and where, owing to a bad harvest, home wheat and rye are also falling short. The supply of these staffs of life from within was always a hard matter in Germany though every square yard of the country is cultivated. It is harder now to make the country self-supporting in its food.

The Deterding scheme seeks to enlist Dutch support and money to give it a good start, and Sir Henri, who now lives in Germany, and knows it almost as well as he knows Holland, believes the best way of dealing with the economic difficulties of the one and the food difficulties of the other is to make the exchange of one another's goods easier and more regular.

He believes in his own idea to the extent of a million pounds as a contribution to it. If it succeeds he will be entitled to praise as a sort of Lord Nuffield of international relations. At all events, the material benefit of pigs and bacon to Germany will be a prime mover in the cause of good-will between the two neighbours.

## BOBBY IN THE KETTLE

**H**E lives in a kettle, and a jollier little chap you could not wish to find. Bobby is a robin, and there can be few like him in the wide world.

For seven years he has been friendly with Mr George Johnson of Little Ribston in Yorkshire. He made his nest in a kettle long ago, and there he lives to this day, though he spends a good deal of his time indoors, hopping into the kitchen when he feels cold, and eating cake from his own plate near the back door.

The friendliest little feathered fellow, Bobby often goes to church on Sunday, flying along with Mr Johnson's daughter, and waiting for her in the churchyard. When Mr Johnson crosses Ribston Park and calls on a friend Bobby flies along from tree to tree, and hops about outside till he thinks it is time to be going home. Then he appears at the window.

But the most astonishing thing he does is to fly to Knaresborough on market days. Years ago Bobby was worried

now and then when he saw Mr Johnson drive off in a bus. Now he is not at all anxious. He flies with it, takes short cuts over the fields, and reaches the market as soon as his master. After fluttering about the stalls, and keeping a sharp look-out for Mr Johnson, he flies home again with the bus and is in the garden to meet him.

We have heard of many wonderful friendships, but this seems to be one of the most remarkable of all.

## JAPANESE GOODS FROM ENGLAND?

The allegation that cheap Japanese stuff is palmed off as of British manufacture is again made in Lancashire.

It is said that the amount of Japanese grey cloth imported in 1936 and exported as British-made has robbed Lancashire operatives of wages estimated at £80,000. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce is considering the matter with a view to action. The habit is evil and should be stopped.

## A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

### How They Settle Things in China

#### BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

The ancient wisdom of the East has found a happy way out of the crisis which arose when the Prime Minister of China found himself a captive.

The impetuous young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-Liang, after locking up the revered Chiang Kai-shek, sent him back (by air) to Nanking with apologies for his mistake.

Such mistakes could only occur in the China of today, where it is so hard to distinguish between generals who are patriots and generals who are not quite that. But the form of the restitution could only have taken place in a land which cultivated politeness when all the rest of the world were barbarians.

#### Exchanges of Courtesy

The Premier, Chiang, began the exchanges of courtesy when, finding himself a prisoner in the armed camp of Chang, he betrayed no ungentlemanly suspicion of his captor's motives but pointed out that they were liable to misconstruction. Such was his persuasiveness that Chang and his friends decided to send him back, although they betrayed no unseemly haste in doing so. The Premier acknowledged their courtesy and sweet reasonableness in fitting terms, and added handsomely that it marked a turning point in the life of the nation.

So deeply was the young Chang impressed by the Premier's moderation, and possibly by the awkward position in which he stood when he heard of the serious view the Government took of his rash act, that he hastened to declare the whole affair due to a misunderstanding. Not only did he send the Prime Minister back (by aeroplane), but he sent after, or with him, a contrite explanation and followed him to Nanking.

"I am naturally rustic, surly, and unpolished," he wrote. "Because of this I have committed this impudent and criminal act. Now I have penitently followed you to Nanking in order to await a punishment befitting the crime. Do not let sentiment or friendship deter you from dealing with me as I deserve."

#### A Proof of Good Faith

To make the punishment fit the crime is a phrase with a familiar ring, though the famous Savoyard who coined it applied it to a neighbouring country of China. But as young Chang has gone to Nanking as a proof of good faith, and as Premier Chiang Kai-shek's object all sublime is to give peace and concord to the Flowery Land, it seems likely that captive and captor will remain on good terms, though their parts are now reversed.

Whatever comes of this exchange of courtesies, China may begin the New Year certain of a happy ending to the old one. The politeness of the young soldier is beyond question; his rather tardy prudence has saved his country from a formidable Civil War in which many unprincipled parties would have been ready to join.

And so, as Shakespeare says, all's well that ends well.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of January 1912

**Quick Communication.** The Postmaster-General has lately accepted a suggestion from the editor of The Little Paper, and put it into operation in London, by which any house on the telephone in the London area can receive telegrams at any hour, even though the post office be closed. It is hoped that this reform will soon be carried out for the whole country.

## A QUICK LIFE OF JOHN MILTON

MILTON takes his place among the world-thinkers for two reasons apart from his poetry.

Besides writing on the controversial, religious, and political questions of his day, and on questions making a personal appeal to him, he published an interesting letter on education which gives a curious view of learning as it struck the scholarly men who followed close on what we call the Renaissance, the great awakening of learning; and, above all, he wrote the most eloquent defence of liberty of thought that exists in any tongue.

He was born in Bread Street off Cheapside on December 9, 1608. His father was a scrivener and, though a strong Puritan, a lover of music and learning. In each of these respects, his son resembled him. Educated first at St. Paul's School, he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625.

#### Writings That Will Live

He settled down in the country at Horton, and his writings in these early days will live while the English language lasts. In 1638 and 1639 he was travelling in Italy, where he met the greatest Italians of his age.

When the Civil War came he turned to pamphleteering and public life and held the office of Foreign Secretary to the Commonwealth. After the Restoration, when he was in some personal danger, Milton reverted to the ambition of his youth, and wrote *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and the magnificent and pathetic *Samson Agonistes*. He died on November 8, 1674.

He was thrice married, first unhappily; then happily, after he became blind in 1652; but his wife did not live long. Lastly he married a homely wife,



Milton dictating

who was a comfort to him when the daughters of his first wife proved churlish and unmanageable. His worldly circumstances became comparatively straitened in his later years, but he was never poor. His books were not a source of profit, though he had a most substantial literary fame. He and his wife received £18 for *Paradise Lost*, and 1300 copies were sold.

His tract on Education was written in the form of a letter to one Samuel Hartlib, a public-minded Anglo-Pole. Nearly every item of Milton's educational scheme is excellent, judged from the modern standpoint; but the whole of it, as a demand made on the average student, is appalling in magnitude; and if he tried as a schoolmaster to impose it on his sister's children (as he is said to have done) we can accept the truth of the legend that the cries which accompanied their chastisement reached the ears of the scandalised neighbours. Milton himself was a prodigy of learning,

and apparently did not realise the difference between the exceptional and the average intellect.

It is in the *Areopagitica*, a letter to the Parliament of England in favour of the liberty of printing, that Milton takes rank with the great thinkers, and embodies his thought in such lofty and moving language that it becomes great literature, perhaps the most splendid example of elaborate English prose.

#### Control of the Press

Milton imagines the great Council of the Land assembled on some national Mars Hill while he addresses them with a dignity worthy of a supreme occasion; and, indeed, the subject had an elemental greatness. All human progress depends on liberty of thought and its free exchange. But the Stuarts, through the Star Chamber, had insisted on a rigid control of the Press. Printers, booksellers, authors, and importers of thought from other countries were strictly controlled. Besides the King's printers and the universities there could only be 20 printers in the land, and they were registered and checked. Not more than four typesetters were permitted.

The writings of all authors had to be passed by official judges, the narrowness of whose minds may be gathered from the fact that more than 20 years after the publication of the *Areopagitica* these hobbled minds held up *Paradise Lost* for a while, because Milton said that the coming of great solar eclipses "perplexes monarchs."

#### The Areopagitica

This hidebound restriction of thought wrung the very soul of men like Milton, who realised that mental liberty is the most elementary human right; and yet the Protestant Parliament, on which he had reposed such hopes, actually issued a decree in the same spirit as had been shown by the rejected Stuarts. It was in protest, grave and fierce, against this that Milton issued his memorable *Areopagitica*.

He claimed the right to address Parliament in the public interests, as thoughtful men had done in ancient times. He did not deny that it was well to have a vigilant eye on books, but to kill a good book—as well kill a man! A good book (he said) is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

In ancient times, said Milton, books were not censored. How came the censorship to be established? By the Inquisition. Was the Protestant Parliament proud of following that example? The Scriptural injunction was to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. How could that be done with books if freedom were disallowed? If books are to be regulated, why not all amusements, music, conversation? Besides, who are these licensors to be? How can their cursory eyes judge the writing to which a man has given his life?

#### Next To Shakespeare

That is the line of Milton's argument; and then he rises to a purer height, and examines the very nature of Truth, man's richest merchandise, and England as the land of its defence. This is one of his immortal passages:

*Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, and Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious, those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power—give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.*

Thought, sentiment, and a profound philosophy have never found more cogent and thrilling expression than in this immortal poet who stands next to Shakespeare in our roll of fame.

## RUSSIA AS ITS DICTATOR SEES IT

### A State of 170 Millions

We must all try to understand the rise of Soviet Russia, whose population (living on one-seventh of the world's surface) has grown amazingly from 147,000,000 in 1926 to about 170,000,000 in 1937.

Let us, then, whatever we feel about Communism, see what Stalin himself had to say of it in his speech to the great Congress of Soviets which adopted the new Russia Constitution at the end of the year.

We cannot find room for all that Stalin said at the Congress, but we give the essence of his speech, as far as possible in his own words.

**The New State.** The exploitation (use for profit) of man by man has been abolished. Socialist or public ownership in the means and implements of production has been established. We now have a new economy which does not know trade crises and unemployment, and does not know poverty and ruination.

All the exploiting classes have been abolished. There remain the working class, the peasants, the intelligentsia (the brain-workers).

**The Working Class.** Our working class possesses, along with the whole of the people, the means of production. Thus it is an entirely new class, freed from profit-making, a working class the like of which humanity has not known hitherto.

**Peasant Population.** Our Soviet peasantry is quite a new peasantry. We have no longer landlords, kulaks (a kulak was a small-holder), merchants, and money-lenders. Our peasantry is a collective-farm peasantry, basing its work on co-operative labour and on modern methods. It is a new peasantry, the like of which history has not before known.

**The Soviet Union.** The Soviet Union includes nearly 60 national groups and peoples. It was formed in 1922. Fourteen years of experience have shown that the experiment of forming a multi-national State is fully successful.

**The New Constitution.** The new constitution embodies the Socialist ownership of land, forests, factories, and so on; the abolition of profit-making; the abolition of poverty for the many and luxury for the few; the abolition of unemployment; work as an obligation and a matter of honour for every able-bodied citizen; the right to work; the right to education. All these obtain the force of Law.

Further, the constitution sets out that the Soviet Union is profoundly international. All nations and races are equal in right. The constitution is thoroughly democratic. All citizens are equal under it, no matter what their national origin, position, or sex.

**One Party.** In the Soviet Union there are only two classes, workers and peasants, whose interests are not hostile but friendly. Consequently there is no ground for the existence of several parties, or for the freedom of such parties. There is ground in the Union for only one party, the Communists. That party courageously defends the interests of the workers and peasants, and it alone can be allowed to exist in the Union. Ours is the only thoroughly democratic constitution in the world.

Such, in brief, is Stalin's own exposition of Russia as he sees it himself.

#### THESE THREE

Yorkshire's own Faith, Hope, and Charity are 79.

They are three sisters, all born on the same day in the little village of Cracoe in the Craven district, and were given names from Paul's famous letter to the Corinthians. One is now living at Bispham near Blackpool, and two are at Skipton.



# THE DICTATOR WHO CAME CLATTERING DOWN

## Story of the Greatest Upstart in the World

The Pessimist will tell you that the world is in the hands of the Dictators. The Optimist will say that the Dictators are doomed. The Pessimist will say that nobody knows what will happen.

The man who reads the news wisely will tell you that there are many signs that one Dictator will come clattering down. This is the story of the first of all modern Dictators and his great fall.

*They that take the sword shall perish with the sword.*

ONE of the royal-est shows ever seen on this earth was the setting forth of Napoleon for Russia in the pleasant summer of 1812. What with the bands and the flags, the gold lace and scarlet cloth, the plumes and the feathers, the guns and the muskets, the lances and the swords, the carriages and wagons, the men and the horses—what with all this, it was such a circus, such a gorgeous, glittering pageant, that every woman was obliged to shout Huzza! and every child was obliged to cry out with delight, and every dog was obliged to bark, it knew not why.

This particular pageant was stage-managed, as we say, by the greatest upstart that ever lived. Napoleon was an upstart; he was what we call a parvenu, a little man suddenly become a snob. He had risen quickly to the mountain peak, but on the mountain peak there was still the stamp of meanness in his soul; and seated, crowned, robed, and orb'd, upon the throne of power, there was still the barrack-square in his evil heart.

### Like a Lord Mayor's Show

How did the upstart himself set out to subdue Russia? Remember that kings danced attendance on him at his Court; remember that the great men of Europe hung like lackeys about the corridors of his palace to get two minutes of cringing speech with him. He did not go to war as Wellington did, with a tent, an iron bedstead, a camp chest of drawers: he went as a Roman emperor might have gone to a picnic.

His baggage train wound over the earth like a lord mayor's show. He had carriages, most of them padded with crimson, and all emblazoned with royal emblems. Of riding-horses his little corpulent Majesty had 200, of pack-mules 40. His baggage train numbered 70 good creaking wagons, each drawn by eight splendid horses.

### The Army Sets Out

AND what else went with him into Russia? Something to buy Russia's faith. Napoleon took with him banknotes, but, unfortunately for the Russians, they were not genuine. His Imperial Majesty had forged the banknotes to the tune of a hundred million roubles. Napoleon was thorough. He could think of the smallest details, could descend to the pettiest meanness.

His army consisted of 600,000 men, some of them the flower of France, some of them the scum of other nations, some of them the finest assassins and plunderers then breathing the air. Six hundred thousand men! Think of them as they set out in all their bravery and show. Think of the shining helmets, the streaming plumes, the gorgeous gold lace, and the glorious eagles and the flags of France. Think of the roar of the turning wheels, the clatter of the hoofs of the horses, and the rattle of accoutrements.



Napoleon's Retreat From Moscow—From the painting by J. Rouffet

What a departure! Not a detail was missing. Everything was there, including French cooks and forged Russian banknotes; everything was remembered, and nothing was forgotten, except God.

Europe trembled from end to end under the marching of that mighty host. "Why do the Russians always retreat?" Napoleon asked the question, angrily, many times. Here he marched, with guns, muskets, lances, and swords, ready for battle at a moment's notice, and these cowardly Russians scampered away in front of him. The irritation of Napoleon knew no bounds.

### Moscow in Sight

THE Grand Army arrived at last in sight of Moscow. And then such a shout went up to heaven as must have startled the wolves of Siberia!

Imagine Napoleon's delight, imagine the despatch his brain was already composing for the intoxication of France and the stupefaction of the world! There, in front of him, rose the beautiful and fantastic city of Moscow—such another city as did not exist in all Europe: more like a city of China, wild, barbaric, magnificent, flashing domes of gold and silver into the pure air, stretching its vast walls and infinite roofs into the dim horizon of eastern space.

Glorious and incomparable Moscow! Napoleon's eyes glittered as he beheld it. He halted, put on his best clothes, and awaited the coming of the Governor of Moscow.

The Emperor was ready with a gracious speech of pardon. The forged banknotes were ready for distribution. The soldiers were tugging at the leash.

### The Empty City

BUT those who had been sent into the city to announce Napoleon's arrival returned with a grey look in their faces. Who would tell the Emperor? Who would brave his wrath?

*There was no governor in Moscow. It was like a city of the dead.*

Napoleon flew into a passion. He refused to believe it. He refused to be swindled out of his long looked-for pomp and pageant.

"He looked all round and about him," one writer says, "recovered himself, stopped in his walk, shivered, fell into

a stupor, scratched his nose, pulled off his glove, pulled it on again; drew out his handkerchief from his pocket, crumpled it between his hands, and put it in another pocket as though by mistake, then took it out, and put it back; then he pulled off his glove once more, and pulled it on again, repeating this action many times."

But the incredible thing had happened. Russia had abandoned Moscow.

In a vile temper his Imperial Majesty went to bed in a hut outside the city. Tomorrow he would make a state entry. For tonight he would sleep.

And then Napoleon entered Moscow. Surrounded by a gorgeous cavalcade of marshals and lackeys, his Imperial Majesty drew attention to his supremacy by the simple character of his habiliments. He rode a little Arab horse. But there was really no one to appreciate it all. The streets were deserted. The houses were like dead walls. No one even peeped round a corner. Napoleon's wrath, they say, was visible in every line of his face.

Then came news of fire at certain points of the city. Napoleon had heard such rumours in the night. He now rode forward, swearing and threatening his soldiers. The fires were to be put out: Napoleon said so.

### Napoleon in Moscow

HIS anger, his mortification, his deepening fear, lifted from his dreadful soul at the sight of the Kremlin. Here was the palace of the Russian emperors, the ancient and majestic throne of eternal Russia. "Here at last," he exclaimed, "in Moscow, in the ancient palace of the Tsars, in the Kremlin itself!"

And from there he sent back news to France which threw the poets of Paris into ecstasy. Napoleon had conquered Russia!

If you would know the truth about war read the books which tell of Napoleon's stay in Moscow. Men can become almost like angels, and they can also become almost like demons. Remember that this is not ancient history. It happened little more than a hundred years ago.

But doom was at hand. In a few days Napoleon was fleeing before the Angel of Doom. He fled from fire and he fled from cold. From the fire he could escape; but swifter than the turning of his carriage wheels, swifter

than the gallop of his horses, swifter than the flight of his blood-stained eagles, was the avenging pursuit by Cold.

The soldiers were loaded with spoils. Many were dressed in women's rich clothes. Some were wrapped in the skins of lions and bears. Others carried shawls and silks. They looked like a troupe of gypsies. There was no discipline; each man did as he would. And when a man fell no one stopped to lift him. "Why do those cursed crows follow us?" asked Napoleon again and again, as the grey sky filled with ominous birds hovering above the Grand Army—the Grand Army which was now a horde of burglars fleeing with their plunder.

It grew colder.

Fingers, feet, hands, noses, and ears were frost-bitten. Muskets dropped. Men stumbled and fell. Even the great Emperor in his padded carriage was obliged to get out and walk in the snow, for fear of being frozen to death. It had been hot work starting out for the picnic in Russia: it was cold enough going back to say how they had fared.

### Cannibalism and Mutiny

THERE trudged Napoleon, surrounded by his shivering marshals; and behind them, stumbling and slipping through the snow, came the frozen Grand Army, shadowed by the black crows. They had set out to murder; but how, think you, came they back through the snow and the ice? As cannibals.

Yes, that is also a thing to remember about war. These soldiers fell upon their dead comrades and ate them as dogs eat a carcase. When officers bade them march they laughed in their faces. Napoleon himself was jostled by rogues in his hired army. Who cared for Napoleon? A man must eat! They died like flies. Behind the army lay a trail of corpses, and with the white snow the black birds descended to the earth shrieking for prey. But Napoleon pushed on toward France, toward the sun, toward the tottering ruin of his power.

And then followed the crowning villainy of this upstart. Was there anything lower to which he could sink, this forger, despot, and murderer? Yes. *He could desert his army.*

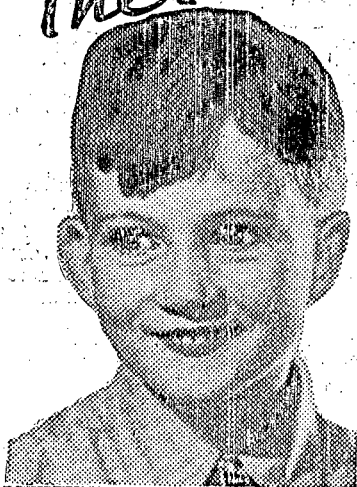
### The Russian's Departure

HE got into a covered sledge and drove swiftly away. An hour after the Emperor's departure, says an eyewitness, one of the senior officers turned to another with the words, "Well, has the Russian gone?"

That is how one of his own officers spoke of him; that is how history judges him. A clever ruffian, a brave ruffian, and on all possible occasions a great ruffian; but in his soul a mean ruffian. Let us remember, when men speak of the Great Napoleon, that he forged banknotes, that he lied, and that he deserted his army. He took the sword, and he perished with the sword.

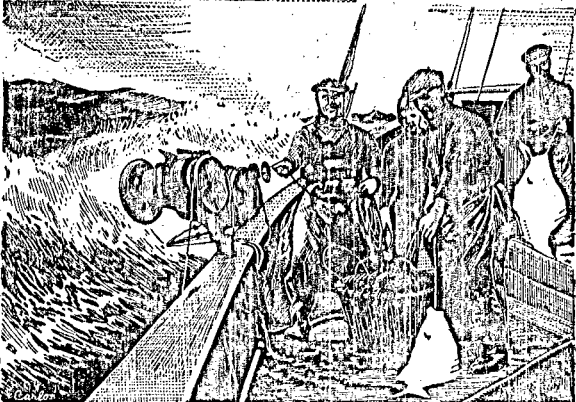
For 1812 was the prelude to 1815, and Waterloo, and the end of the Upstart.

# The Nicest Way



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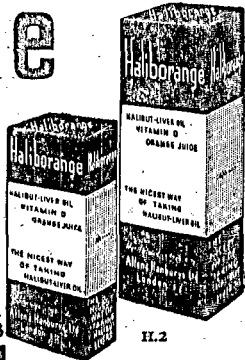
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# FREE

## Walters Bar of Palm Toffee

Given away this week in the RAINBOW! A really BIG bar of the most delicious toffee. With all the other good things in this jolly coloured picture paper, you really *mustn't* forget to buy a copy. What a lovely treat for any boy or girl!



# RAINBOW

On sale Friday, January 8th, at all Newsagents

2d

## FREE MEALS HARDLY WORTH WHILE

### Queer Cases For Dickens

The Poor Relief tradition is blamed by Sir Arthur MacNalty, Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, for the deplorable quality of the free meals provided for schoolchildren.

In a report on the Health of the School-Child he denounces many of the meals provided as inadequate, monotonous, and sloppy. One example is thus described:

The meal served (called Irish stew) consisted of a thick soup containing potatoes, onions, a little barley, an infinitesimal portion of meat (about one ounce per head), and a piece of bread.

I tasted it and came to the conclusion that it was a very poor meal.

The other meals are similar, soup with about one ounce of meat per head and some vegetables. The soup had been made in a wash boiler, and at this centre had been poured into a slop-pail, and from thence ladled into the children's bowls or plates.

Another report runs:

On three days a week the meal consisted of soup made from bones (the same bones used throughout the week), with some peas or beans put in; into that the children pressed two or three slices of bread.

This sounds far too much like an extract from Oliver Twist, and it is astonishing that British children should thus be served so many years after Charles Dickens was laid in the Abbey.

The report says that children in London and the South of England showed a better average level of nutrition than those in the industrial Midlands, and still more than those of the North of England and South Wales.

On the all-important matter of teeth, in which our country suffers so badly in comparison with the Continent of Europe, the number of children needing treatment was 2,290,404. The number receiving treatment was 1,474,083. For the first time the number of fillings in permanent teeth exceeded 1,000,000.

### A BIRD'S NEST BUILT OF STEEL

We hear of a watchmaker living in the Canton of Soleure, in Northern Switzerland, who was accustomed to throw out of his window fragments of steel springs and other metallic oddments.

He was interested in watching a wag-tail going off with these one by one. On following the bird he came across a nest entirely built and lined with metal.

Continuous watch was kept, and it was seen that eggs were laid and a brood duly hatched.

When all was over he collected the nest and took it to the Natural History Museum of Soleure.

### CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to CN Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

#### Why Are Strawberry Leaves on the Ducal Coronet?

To distinguish the coronet from those worn by other peers. The first dukes created by our kings were Lionel of Clarence and John of Lancaster, sons of Edward the Third. They wore plain gold circlets. The strawberry appears on Edward the Second's crown and is a typical ornament of his age.

#### What is the Origin of the Name Elizabeth?

The Greek form of the Hebrew name Elisheba, meaning God of the Oath; this name appears very early in the Bible as that of Aaron's wife. A more famous Elizabeth was, of course, the mother of John the Baptist.

#### What is the Diameter of the Sun?

867,000 miles; but flames rise from its surface to a height of 286,000 miles.

#### How Big Was Roman London?

Less than 330 acres, the extent of the area enclosed by the Roman Wall. Though excavations have shown that the whole of this area was not built upon, London was by far the biggest Roman town in this island.

## SYMBOL OF THE GREAT FLOOD

### Celestial River Eridanus

#### GLORIOUS UNSEEN ACHERNAR

By the CN Astronomer

An immense region of the southern sky, west of Orion, has for many thousands of years been allotted symbolically to a vast eternal river without visible source or outlet, but just losing itself in dark mysterious depths below the southern horizon.

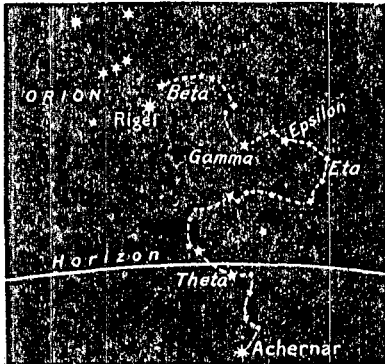
This is the region of the River Eridanus, likened by some authorities to a river of Eden, preferably the Euphrates, by others to the Nile. Actually, to the ancient agricultural Chaldeans it would appear to have typified the coming of the annual floods in the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, an idea which later became intertwined by the Greeks and Romans into their elaborate mythology, with stories of Phaeton, Apollonius, and the Argonauts.

#### The Watery Constellations

Some great event appears to have been the origin of the River Eridanus, and there is much evidence to support the suggestion of Mr R. A. Proctor and Mr E. W. Maunder that Eridanus represents the Great Flood recorded in Genesis. Eridanus terminates the series of "watery constellations" which begin, half round the heavens, in Capricornus.

The long winding stream of stars representing this mystic river begins just west of Rigel, the brilliant star at the lower right-hand corner of Orion's famous group of four. Thence a distinctive stream of not very bright stars winds to the west and south until it drops below the horizon; but could we follow it farther by travelling south we should find the beautiful Achernar come into view. The accompanying star-map shows this immense area on a small scale, the approximate horizon changing with the latitude.

The brilliant first-magnitude star Achernar is very similar to Rigel in both colour and constitution, while it is only



The chief stars of the River Eridanus and their relative position to Orion

a shade less bright. Like Rigel it is enveloped in incandescent helium, is of the characteristic Orion type, and has the very high surface temperature of some 14,000 degrees centigrade. Achernar is, however, much nearer than Rigel or any other of the Orion cluster, being about 66½ light-years distant, whereas Rigel is 543 light-years away. Achernar is, therefore, much smaller than Rigel, radiating about 200 times more light than our Sun, whereas the giant Rigel pours forth about 18,000 times more. So we may visualise this beautiful southern star, Achernar, by means of Rigel, though we cannot see it from our northern latitudes.

Beta in Eridanus, the next star in order of apparent brightness, appears not far above Rigel. It is of third magnitude and at a distance of about 63 light-years. This star will serve as a starting-point in a later article from which to explore an interesting region of northern Eridanus; but this must be when the Moon is out of the way and the River Eridanus is lighted only by streams of stars.

G. F. M.



## BRICKS

One of the oldest industries in the world, the making of bricks, goes back far beyond written history.

Many of our country houses and some of our churches are built of the small bricks made in Elizabeth's day; and not a few are very striking, with their patterns in the black and red brick so highly favoured in Henry the Eighth's day, their walls mellowed by years of sun and rain. Coggeshall in Essex claims to have been the spot where the first bricks were made in England after the Romans left, and we see queer little pink bricks in its bridge over the Blackwater, one of the oldest of its kind in the land, and in one of its churches.

### Left By the Romans

Everywhere in England we come upon Roman bricks, some of them in the walls of Saxon and Norman churches. Among the fine modern brickwork at Leicester are bricks the Romans left; and in the Editor's garden are bricks which were new nearly 20 centuries before English workmen made 180,000 bricks for his house.

But 20 centuries is a little time in the story of bricks, for some in the East are more than twice as old. The Egyptians made bricks of mud from the Nile, baking them in the hot sun. The Israelites toiled at brickmaking for their Egyptian taskmasters, who compelled them to find straw to mix with the mud. A brick of this kind (16 inches long and a little over four inches thick) was found in the ruins of the pyramid at Dahshur. The Babylonians are known to have built with bricks at the dawn of their ancient civilisation.

### The Tower of Babel

What is believed to have been the Tower of Babel described in the Bible stands on a mound near the ruins of Babylon. Sir Henry Rawlinson discovering the remains of seven stages of brickwork, one of orange bricks, another of red. Great masses of the ruins still show the marks of fire, perhaps the one deliberately kindled by Sennacherib nearly 700 years before Christ.

Today bricks are made in vast quantities by machinery, a single machine turning out between 5000 and 10,000 a day. A Peterborough firm makes 75 million bricks a year.

Shakespeare writes of a man whom he describes as an honest workman and a good bricklayer; and in Henry the Sixth occurs the curious saying, Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify to it.

### Why Men Are Called Bricks

We sometimes say a man is a regular brick, perhaps because a brick is solid, four-square, plain, and thoroughly reliable; but it may be that the idea comes from a story 23 centuries old. It is the story of an ambassador who visited Agesilaus, King of Sparta. The ambassador knew that the King of Sparta was also ruler of Greece, and expected to find great walls round the city. But there were no walls. "Sire," said the ambassador, "how is this? You have no walls for defence."

"Sir Ambassador," answered Agesilaus, "you cannot have observed carefully, or you would have seen them."

Agesilaus led his guest from the city to a great plain where an army was drawn up in battle array. "There," said the king proudly—"there thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, ten thousand men, and every man a brick."

## FOUNDER OF THE QUAKERS

### George Fox

#### WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY IF IT IS NEXT WEEK

Jan. 10. Penny Post established	1840
11. Charing Cross railway station opened	1864
12. Duke of Alva died at Thomar	1582
13. George Fox died in London	1691
14. Bishop Berkeley died at Oxford	1753
15. Molière born in Paris	1622
16. Edward Gibbon died in London	1794

GEORGE FOX, son of a Leicestershire weaver and himself a shoemaker, became, while still only a youth, a wandering preacher, and, during nearly 50 years of earnest work, founded the quiet religious body known as the Society of Friends, or the Quakers.



Fox felt himself called by God to proclaim a personal religion, deeper than a mere habit of going to church. Also he denounced amusements as "worldly." In reply the rough English mob of those days treated him harshly, and he was imprisoned.

But he went on with his work in an uncomplaining spirit, and gathered about him many good people who have given great support to all humane causes. The Society of Friends and its splendid influences have been a noble memorial to the fine sincerity of George Fox.

### POOR OLD JONATHAN HULLS

Jonathan Hulls is dead but his idea lives on.

A Gloucestershire clockmaker, he deserves to be remembered as the father of the steamship. It was 200 years last month since he took out a patent for his invention of a ship driven by steam, the pioneer of the Queen Mary.

A barge floating on the Avon, it has a funnel, a great array of wheels, and a paddlewheel at the stern. In his drawings the inventor showed his boat towing a battleship; but it was a dream which faded in the light of common day, for Jonathan Hulls never saw his vessel travel far. Her trial trip was a complete failure, and all who had gathered to see it jeered poor Jonathan. He was born too soon, for it was not till long after he died that great liners were ploughing every ocean, driven by the power he had tried to harness in vain.

### VAGABOND WONG

*Vagabond Wong.* By C. E. Roberts. Edinburgh House Press. 1s 6d.

The United Council for Missionary Education is issuing the Far-away Series of children's books, and this first volume makes thrilling reading. From its quaint cover to the picture on the last page the story of a Chinese boy is full of adventure, and we can hardly imagine any boy or girl being able to put down the book unfinished.

Mr Roberts, who has spent many years in China, not only knows the land and its people, but understands the Chinese mind. Vagabond Wong will be followed by other thrilling tales for boys and girls, and if they are half as good as this they will be well worth reading.

### 1 2 3

160,000 letters from listeners were received by the BBC last year.

600,000 people are living on South Australia's 380,000 square miles.

1,505,000 private motor-cars are in use in Britain.

£3,305,074 worth of armaments were exported from the United Kingdom in the eleven months ended in November.

£4,125,000 has been spent by the GWR on improvements in South Wales during the last seven years.

**Taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles**

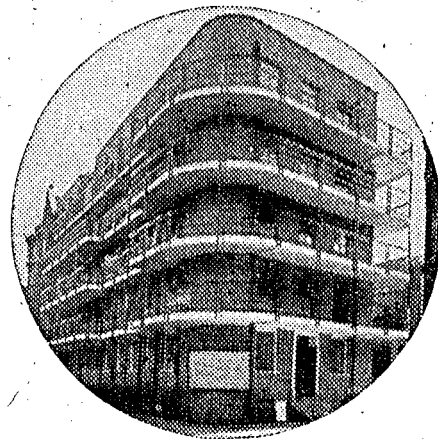
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THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE.

## FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

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Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

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# THE SIDE LINE

## A Railway Mystery

### By Harold Avery

#### CHAPTER 17

#### The Secret Out

It was still light enough for Hugh to see that the dividing wall between the two attics was of lath and plaster. He rapped on it, and immediately there was an answering tap tap on the other side.

"Who's there?" he called.

He fancied a voice spoke in reply, but the sound was too muffled for him to distinguish what was said. He was going to repeat his question in a louder tone when Joyce gave him a nudge. "Those men will hear if you shout," she said.

No more taps came from the unknown prisoner. As there were no chairs in the attic Hugh and Joyce seated themselves on the floor. The twilight deepened until it was almost too dark for them to distinguish one another's faces. Now and again they fancied they heard a curious grating sound; suddenly there was a crack and the pattering of something falling on the floor.

"Hullo!" said a voice.

Hugh started, then he realised what had happened. The prisoner in the other attic had managed to make a small hole in the wall.

"Who are you?" asked Hugh.

"Joe Perth," was the reply. "I knew it was you and your sister, Master Hugh. I heard your voices as you were coming upstairs. Why did they bring you here?"

Hugh told him what had happened at Hanley Park, and how he and Joyce had been brought to Ashwood when they imagined they were being taken back to Norcott Farm.

"Ah, I thought you must have met them on the railway or at the park," said Joe. "Now they aren't let you go. You're like me—you know too much."

"But we don't know anything; we haven't the least idea what it all means. Tell me, what have you been doing since we saw you last?"

"You remember me finding that snuff-box," began Joe. "On Sunday morning I went to Tom Garner, the landlord of the Red Lion, and asked him if any of his customers took snuff, and if he'd seen that box before. He recognised it at once by the ornament on the lid and said it belonged to Brunt, who'd offered him a pinch of snuff the last time they met."

"I thought someone must have stolen the box as there seemed no reason why one of those poultry farmers should have been at Hanley Park in the middle of the night. I came here to Ashwood on Sunday evening; Brunt and Hamble were in the kitchen; there was a bottle of whisky on the table, and it seemed as if Brunt had had more than was good for him. As soon as he saw the box he grabbed it and asked where I'd picked it up. I said at the level-crossing, close to the place where old Caleb Rowen had been knocked down. Hamble wanted to know if I'd found anything else besides the snuff-box, and I said the only thing I'd noticed was a track as if something heavy had been dragged through the bracken."

"They must somehow have got it into their heads that I knew more than I cared to say. Brunt roared out: 'If I'd known you were there I'd have served you the same as I did that man Rowen.' Hamble roared at him to hold his tongue; but it was too late—the cat was out of the bag."

"Why should they have gone to the park in the middle of the night?" asked Hugh.

"That's what puzzled me, sir. One thing was plain; they weren't going to give me a chance to tell tales, and it didn't take them long to decide that I mustn't be allowed to leave this house till their job was finished."

"But what is their job?"

"They're stealing those figure-heads that stood by the lake in Hanley Park."

"Oh, get away!" Hugh ejaculated.

"It's true, sir. The first thing they did with me was to lock me down in the cellar. I crept up to the top of the cellar stairs, and found I could hear what they were saying in the kitchen, for they'd left the door open. They sat there talking for what seemed hours. Bit by bit I was able to get the whole story. Sir Mark Medworth has a brother called Duncan, who's a bad lot and has always been a trouble to the family. He's living now at a small place on the coast of France, and he has offered Hamble and Brunt a big reward if they'll get the three figure-heads from the park and take them across to France in a boat, so that he can have them in his garden."

"Why doesn't he come over and do it himself?" asked Hugh.

"He's had an accident and can't walk except with a stick. It wasn't an easy job to get the figure-heads out of the park. Hamble and Brunt knew they'd have to make plans, so, to give themselves time, they made out they were starting a poultry farm. They couldn't have been here long before they made up their minds they'd make use of the railway."

"How?"

"At first they couldn't think how they were going to get such big things as the figure-heads down to the sea. They couldn't do it by road. It would have meant hauling the figures all across the park, and then they'd have had to hire a lorry. Then, somewhere up Roxford way, they found a platelayer's trolley."

"Well, that put the idea into their heads that they could use the railway. It wouldn't be difficult to get the figure-heads, one at a time, up to the level-crossing, and take them down to Wedmouth on the trolley. No one was likely to see them if they did it at night. There's a siding which runs on to the jetty, and the jetty hasn't been used since the railway was closed. The figure-heads could be hidden in an old shed."

The conversation was interrupted by a warning from Joyce.

In the stillness which followed footsteps could be heard climbing the attic stairs. They ceased, then grew fainter again. Either Brunt or Hamble had come halfway up the staircase, paused to listen, and hearing no sound had gone back, assured that the prisoners were making no attempt to escape.

"It's all clear, Joe," said Hugh in a low voice. "I can understand now why queer things seemed always to be happening on that railway."

He did not doubt Joe's story was true, but that anyone should have offered a big reward for the stealing of three figure-heads seemed madness. For ten minutes Hugh sat wondering what it all meant, then the silence was broken by Joe Perth's voice, coming through the hole in the wall.

"Master Hugh," he called in a tense whisper. "Come here, quick."

Hugh had moved away from the hole in the wall, and he had to search with his hand before he found it again.

"What's up?" he asked.

"They've gone, sir. I heard them shut the back door."

"Gone where?"

"To take the last of those figure-heads down to the jetty at Wedmouth. I heard them say the boat would be coming for them tonight. They'll be in France by tomorrow morning."

"But they wouldn't go off and leave us locked in this house."

"Yes, they would. They wouldn't dare to set us free before they were out of the country. But we'll get out—I'll kick the door down."

"No, don't do that," said Joyce. "One of them may have gone out, and the other still be in the house."

"There's a screwdriver in my jack-knife," began Joe after a moment's silence. "The lock's on the inside of this door, and I believe I could get it off if I had a light to see the screws."

"I can give you a light," cried Joyce.

#### CHAPTER 18

#### From Frying-Pan To Fire

THRUSTING a hand in her pocket she brought out her electric torch. Before it could be passed through the wall Joe had to enlarge the hole with his knife; then came a long wait while he tackled the lock on his door. The rusty screws were hard to turn, and it seemed as if the task would never be done. At last, when Hugh and Joyce had almost given up hope, they were startled by the turning of a key, and the attic door was pushed open.

"It's a good thing they left the key in your lock," Joe whispered, as he gave the torch back to Joyce. "You'd better wait here while I make sure the coast is clear."

He took off his boots, then crept softly down the attic stairs. Hugh and Joyce stood straining their ears; all was still, and presently Joe called to them from below.

"There's no one here. They've locked both the front door and the back, but we can get out through the kitchen window."

Joyce trembled as she descended the steep stairs, and it was not till she had scrambled through the kitchen window that she felt she could breathe freely. Round the house

they rushed, down the path, and through the front gate, which was standing half open.

"It's a long way by the road, and for Father's sake I want to get the police on Brunt's track in time for them to nab him before he gets out of the country," said Joe. "I expect they are halfway to Hanley Park by this time, but perhaps it may be safer not to walk along the railway. We'll go over the fields."

He led the way across the road, and through a gate into a big meadow.

"Master Hugh," he began, as the two boys tramped along side by side, "since I heard those men talking in the kitchen I've been putting things together in my mind, and I believe I know the whole story. It was Brunt who was carrying that lantern you saw in the tunnel. It was the first he knew about the Flyer, and in the evening he went to the station to have a look at it. He was hanging round when you came to lock the door, and it was his face you saw in the booking-office."

"But how did he escape?"

"He must have dodged you somehow. That same night they took the first of the figure-heads down to Wedmouth, and coming back they ran their trolley over the fog-signal. Next afternoon they came to the park while we were having our picnic, though they didn't know we were there. They were down behind the bushes trying to get the Saracen loose ready for shifting when Miss Joyce called out that she'd seen its head moving. Hearing her voice they scooted, and on their way home they put that danger board on the line. They thought it might give you a scare and keep you off the railway."

"And that must have been why Hamble told Jack that silly story about the line being haunted," said Hugh.

"Well, sir, on Wednesday night they went after the Saracen. They'd got it to the crossing when Hamble heard someone coming, and gave Brunt a nudge with his elbow which made the fellow drop the snuff-box he'd taken out of his pocket. It was Caleb Rowen on his way home, and for fear of him spotting the Saracen Brunt knocked him on the head."

"They thought he was dead; it gave them a fright, and for the time they must have lost their heads. They fancied, if they went on to Wedmouth, by the time they got back Rowen might have been found, and the hunt would have started after the man who'd killed him. At the same time they didn't want to leave the figure-head where it was, so they took it back to Ashwood and put it in one of the outhouses. Do you remember that the next morning you took some eggs to Hamble?"

Hugh nodded.

"He saw you were going into the yard, and he was afraid you'd catch sight of the Saracen, so he made out you might get set upon by a savage dog. It was all a lie; he never had a dog; but, in case you should start wondering what had become of it, he and Brunt made out it had been poisoned."

"Then that story of the medicine bottle must have been another lie," cried Hugh. "Brunt made it up to get money out of Jack. What did they do next?"

"On Friday when they heard that Father had been accused of attacking old Rowen they felt safe again, so that night they took the Saracen down to Wedmouth. Next morning they got a letter telling them the boat would come to the jetty on Monday night, and they went to the park this afternoon to get the Juno all ready for moving."

Joe quickened his pace as he finished speaking, his one thought being to reach Gratton without delay; but his eagerness was destined to prove the truth of the old adage, "More haste, less speed." In trying to make a "bee-line" he and his followers encountered hedges so thick as to be impassable, and others where they got hitched up in strands of barbed wire. They were beginning to realise that it would have taken less time had they gone by the road when Joe sighted a line of telegraph posts rising against the skyline.

"Here's the railway," he cried. "We must have overshot the station by nearly a quarter of a mile, but that don't matter. Come on—the ground's marshy in patches just here, so mind where you step."

Joyce flashed on her torch to see where she was going, then switched it off and broke into a trot to keep pace with the boys.

"Shall we walk to the station along the line," panted Hugh, turning to Joe Perth.

The question was never answered, for at that moment two dark figures seemed to spring out of the ground. Hugh and his sister were seized with a force which nearly threw them off their feet, while Joe was grabbed by another pair of hands and shaken like a rat.

"So it's you!" snarled Stephen Hamble.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO IN CHARGE

MOTHER JACKO was quite put out when Father announced that he was lecturing at the Monkeyville Debating Society that evening.

"It's most annoying!" she said. "Adolphus has to go out, and I am helping at a Social. There will be no one to look after Baby."

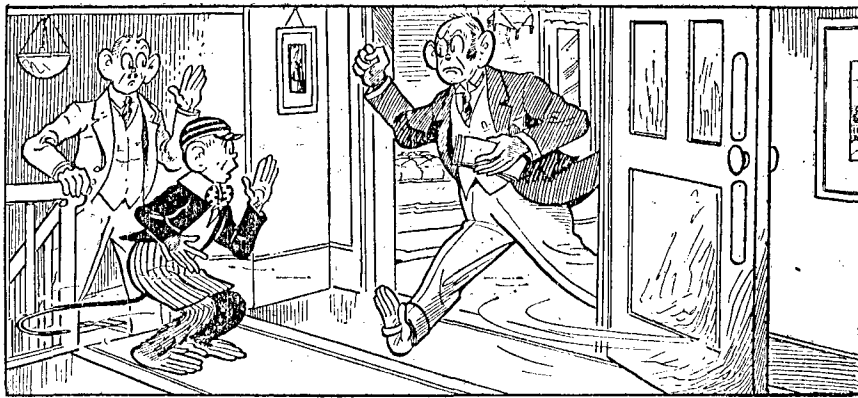
"No one!" piped Jacko indignantly. "What about me, I'd like to know?"

Mother Jacko didn't like the idea of leaving Jacko in charge, but there was nothing else for it. She was the last to

Too scared to move, Jacko sat tight in his chair. Suddenly he remembered Baby and sprang out of it. Screwing up courage, he crept upstairs, and arrived in time to see a figure slipping into his parents' bedroom. Like a flash he tiptoed after it—and turned the key!

"Smart work that!" he chuckled, scampering downstairs again. "That ought to keep the beggar quiet till Pater comes in!"

It didn't. The angry prisoner's shouts and thumps were so alarming



Jacko nearly fainted

go, and before starting out she tucked Baby into bed and said he must not be disturbed.

Jacko saw her off, and then settled himself in the parlour to enjoy an exciting book.

Just as he reached a thrilling part he was startled by mysterious noises outside the door.

"Help!" he breathed. "What's that?"

There were sounds of footsteps creeping about the hall. Then they creaked softly up the stairs.

that Jacko was thankful when Adolphus at last came home.

"Sakes alive!" he exclaimed. "Whatever's that row?" Then he bounded upstairs, his young brother after him.

But when the door was unlocked Jacko nearly fainted.

It was Father Jacko who bounced out.

"You stupid muddler!" he roared, cuffing Jacko smartly. "I came back for my notes. I crept up quietly because of Baby, and now you've made me too late for the lecture!"



# Baked Jam Roll!

## Hugon's 'ATORA'

### The Good BEEF SUET

makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—  
crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple  
to make—only three-quarters of an hour's baking  
with 'ATORA.'

This inexpensive recipe is taken from  
the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes.  
Send a postcard for a copy, post free  
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#### RECIPE

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Flour.  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Shredded 'Atora.'  
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.  
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour,  
then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet  
should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted).  
Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin,  
and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over  
(sealing up ends by turning them in), damp  
edges and pinch together. Bake for about  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.  
Sufficient for 6 persons.



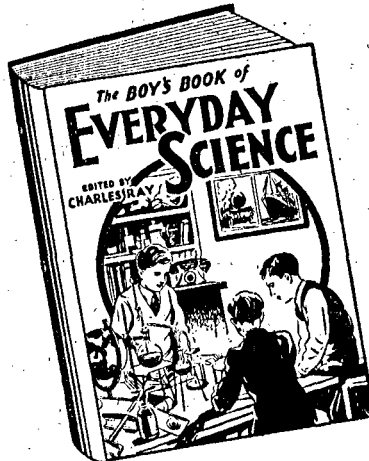
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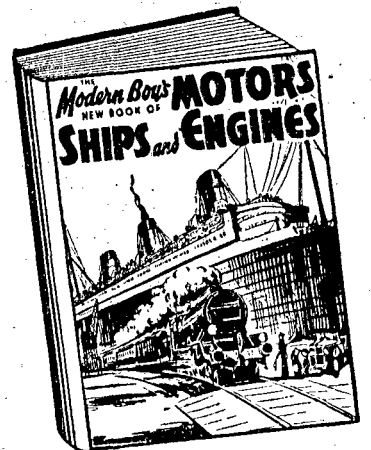


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